BRITANNIA and EVE

SEPTEMBER
1945

NEGLEY FARSON
DAY RUSSELL
JANE GORDON
BARRY PEROWNE
STANLEY JACKSON

1/3

WITH COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS

My coupons too?

You really don't need his coupons—anyway for shoes—if you buy wisely.

You'll soon discover that a single pair of ARCH PRESERVER Shoes does double duty, giving you both style and comfort.

And what's more, they'll wear . . . . and wear!

You have only to look at ARCH PRESERVER Shoes to see that they are extremely good looking, and you have only to slip into a pair to feel the comfort that's built right into them.

That's because, under the outer arch, there's a patented hidden steel bridge that supports your walking weight and keeps your shoes trim and shapely. The flat innersole lessens foot fatigue because it leaves the toes free and easy and gives your foot a natural treadbase.

To these patented features—which no other shoe has—add quality leathers and expert workmanship, and it's easy to see why the woman who chooses ARCH PRESERVER turns in her coupons with utter confidence that she has made the right choice.

Selberite ARCH PRESERVER *Shoes*

SELBERITE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 31, No. 3 SEPTEMBER, 1945

THIS IS ENGLAND (9) North Bovey, Devon

Cover Design

by *Critchlow*

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

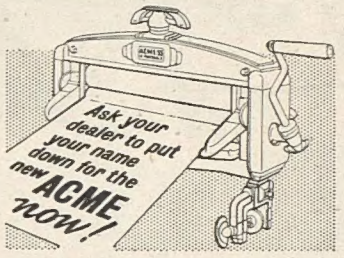
The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.

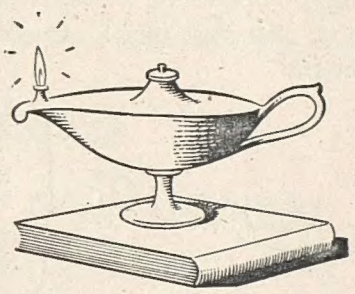
A

For five years I've dreamed about my new home—

And as every woman will understand, most of my dreams have been about the kitchen I'd have. How I'm looking forward to my Acme! No wash-day terrors for me, with a wringer that's so easy to use and so easy on the clothes, too. I've seen blankets put through an Acme, and frail little baby clothes, too — and both come out just perfect.

Great news! The day when your dream will come true is drawing near. Soon now new, better-than-ever Acmes will be at your dealers. Lose no time! Be sure that you are among the first to get one of the new Acmes, for the whitest washes and the easiest wash-days you have ever known.





"In the present state of medical knowledge..."

Although medical science is continually learning new truths and developing old ones, one health rule remains rock-steady through all new discoveries. Nerves need organic phosphorus and protein if they are to withstand the strain of these war years. In other words they need 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic, for only in 'Sanatogen' are organic phosphorus and protein chemically combined.

'SANATOGEN'
Regd. Trade Mark
NERVE TONIC

In one size only during wa. time—
6/6d. (including Purchase Tax.)
A 'Genatosan' Product.

LISTEN TO YOUR **WISER** SELF!

Do you sometimes feel an itch to "blue" those shillings left over from your Housekeeping Account? Listen to your wiser self, first! "Don't be a mutt," she says. "Put 'em where they'll do you most good! Go on buying National Savings Certificates."

BECAUSE

- Every 15/- Certificate earns you 5/6 in 10 years' time.
- This increase is not subject to Income Tax.
- They're easy to buy, easy to hold, easy to cash.
- Savings up keeps prices down.

NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE

By Appointment

Cerebos

Salt perfection

Naval Occasions

Where are the Railway Steamers so familiar to the pre-war traveller? Many are still doing a great job, as hospital ships, troopships, mine sweepers and the like. Famous train ferry steamers are proving invaluable in pouring supplies into liberated Europe.

The railways spent nearly £9,000,000 since 1923 in developing these fast, modern liners in miniature.

Some have made their last voyage; others, better, faster, are being planned to replace them in their vital post-war duties of linking the nations.

GWR - LMS **LNER - SR**

FINE, THANKS!

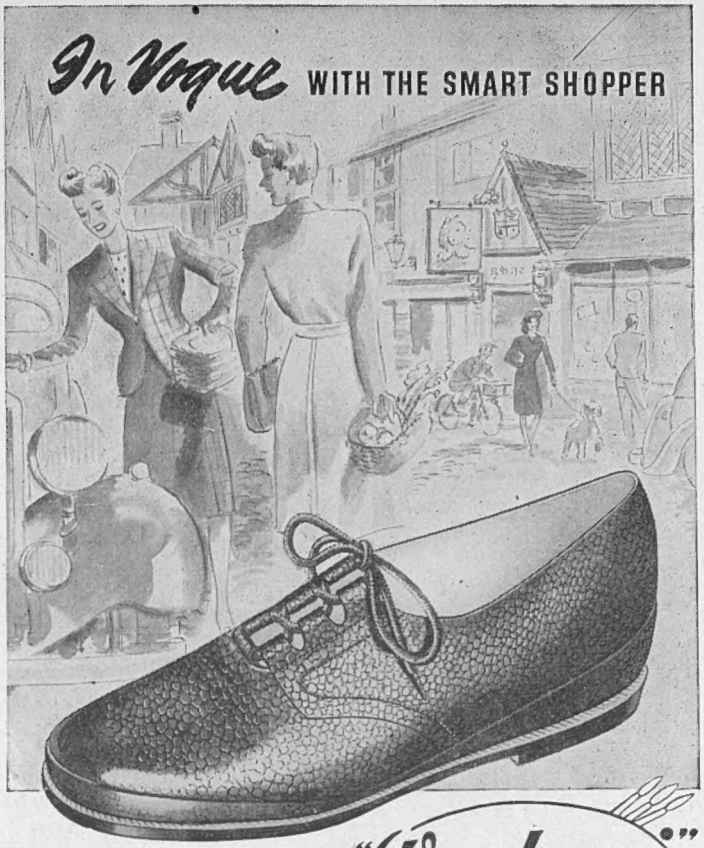
I eat something crisp and crunchy every day.

When I can get it, I prefer

RYVITA

CRISP, NOURISHING DAILY BREAD

In Vogue WITH THE SMART SHOPPER



"TIP AND RUN." A delightful new Waukeezi "platform" ORIGINAL in crushed calf—sturdily built for long life, yet ultra flexible for supreme comfort. Made on our newly registered "Hidden Wedge" last No. 841168. 2½ GNS
ENQUIRE at High Grade Shoe Shops

"Waukeezi" ORIGINALS

Each shoe a Model Shoe - Exclusive as a Model Gown

Thank goodness she had her

'Viyella' Regd. **frock**

There's nothing like 'Viyella' for washing and wearing, and *still* looking new. But while 'Viyella' is on war work choose Utility 'Dayella' for the children—it has the same unshrinkable finish and bears the famous 'Day and Night Wear' sign.

VIYELLA HOUSE DAY NIGHT WEAR NOTTINGHAM

NG. 3b

To the men of the forces we lift our hearts, hats and voices; yes, and our glasses, though they cannot yet be charged with

KIA-ORA

Kia-Ora fruit squashes were and will again be the world's best.

Your turn will come

The World's Best Cleaner, though now being made at an increasing rate, is "in short supply" at the moment, but we shall continue to make limited deliveries to Hoover Dealers. Your turn will come. Rather slowly, but very surely, supplies are increasing. Except for Purchase Tax you pay only

PRE-WAR PRICES!

Model 375 £10.15.0. Tax £2.13.9
Model 262 £17. 5.0. Tax £4. 6.3
Cleaning Tools Extra.

HOOVER LTD
PERIVALE,
GREENFORD, MIDDLESEX

All things come round to

him who will but wait

Schweppes

EVEN though it may be "Utility," you get shapeliness, too, in underwear made by MERIDIAN.

MERIDIAN
UNDERWEAR

The "Utility" range includes low-neck no-sleeve Vests.

J. B. LEWIS & SONS, LTD., Nottingham. *Est.* 1815. Suppliers to the Wholesale Trade

The Wheat . . .

Full in every ear . . . refined by the generous suns of Summer . . . . harvested at its perfection. Only thus, does it attain the high standard demanded by the makers of Britain's best biscuits.

It must be very good indeed, if it is good enough to be accepted by

McVitie & Price

Makers of High Quality Biscuits

McVITIE & PRICE LTD · EDINBURGH · LONDON · MANCHESTER

Osram

THE WONDERFUL LAMP

GOOD LIGHTING IS A TONIC

ESPECIALLY WITH OSRAM

A G.E.C. PRODUCT

Advertisement of The General Electric Company Limited.

If in difficulty please write to Bairns-Wear Ltd., Dept LL 253, Perry Rd., Nottingham.

CVS-L30

FOR A SKIN THAT IS LOVELY TO LOOK AT

You're not being fair to your skin if you're not keeping it really clean. Soap and water washing is not enough. There are hidden impurities that need to be cleared away *regularly* if your skin is to remain clear, healthy and naturally attractive. That's why, every time you make up, and before you go to bed, you should carry out my Skin Beauty Routine.

FOLLOW MY *Skin Beauty* ROUTINE

★ Thoroughly deep cleanse the skin pores by firm upward and outward strokes with cotton wool soaked in Anne French Cleansing Milk.

★★ Remove surplus milk with dry cotton wool. Then wash in *lukewarm* water. Dry on soft towel.

★★★ Now make up—using Anne French Cleansing Milk as a powder base if you like. During the day, when using it as a skin freshener, you need not wash your face.

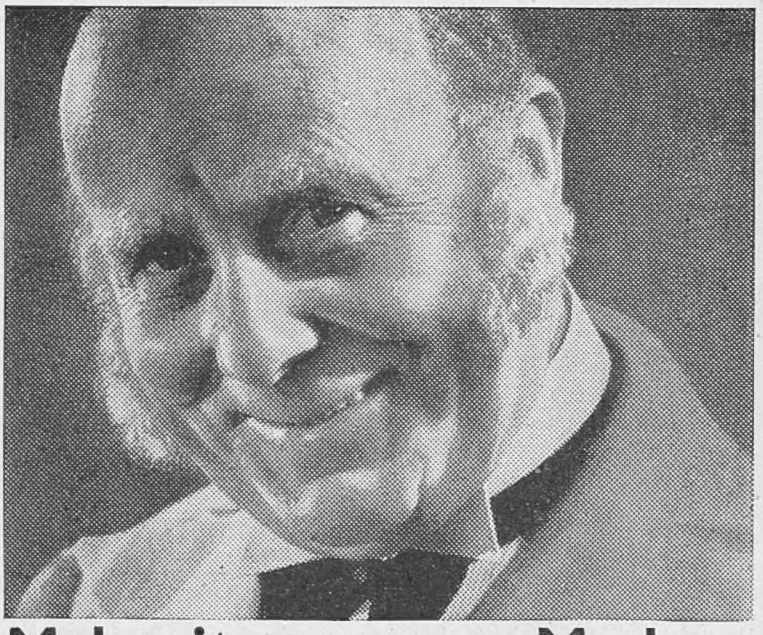
***Anne French* CLEANSING MILK**

I MUST SHARE THE BLAME FOR SHORT SUPPLIES. My insistence on limiting supplies to the available quantities of the fine ingredients that have always gone to the making of 'Anne French' Cleansing Milk, means it is rather more difficult to get than usual; but I know you'll agree—for your skin's sake—it's worth searching for. Price 2/6d. including Purchase Tax.

2/5, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Be smart, be fresh, be free from perspiration taint. Do this: put 1 teaspoon of 'Milton' in a glass of water. Wash, and then bathe underarms well. 'Milton' costs 8d. and 1/11½d.

What every woman ought to know: send a 1d. stamp for booklet, *Married Wisdom*, to Milton Antiseptic Ltd., Dept. 12, John Milton House, London, N.7.



Make it *my* way, Madam

says OLD HETHERS

Since you cannot buy Robinson's Barley Water in bottles for the time being, you will do well to take Old Hethers' advice and make it for yourself from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley. The simple directions are on the tin; and if you cannot get hold of a lemon or an orange for flavouring, use the juice of stewed or tinned fruit; honey or jam.

Barley Water from

ROBINSON'S

'Patent' BARLEY

CVS-22

HOW TO *bottle* TOMATOES

Tomatoes are one of the most precious of your bottled stores for two reasons. They give appetising variety to winter meals just when you long for something refreshing and they are a good protective food. There are several simple ways of bottling tomatoes and you may like to try the method given here. For the others write for the free leaflet "HOW TO PRESERVE TOMATOES" to Ministry of Food, Food Advice Division, London, W.1.

Bottling Tomatoes in their own juice

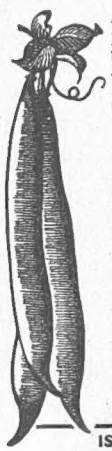
JARS should have perfectly circular mouths, free from chips or ridges, so that rings and lids fit perfectly. Be sure rings and lids are the right size. To test jars: Fill with water, put on rubber ring, lid and screwband or clip. Wipe jar dry. Stand upside down for half an hour; if water leaks, look for defects. Another ring, or two rings may help; clip-tops may need bending slightly, or push a penny under the centre and re-test.

PAN FOR STERILIZING can be a steriliser, zinc bath, large fishkettle, or a bucket. It should be deep enough to allow water to cover jars completely. Make a false bottom on which to stand jars, with layer of straw, folded newspaper or cloth, or strips of wood nailed trellis fashion. The lid can be a pastry board, tray, or baking sheet.

METHOD:

1. Wash and drain jars and lids, put rubber rings to soak in cold water.
2. Put tomatoes in boiling water for half a minute, then immediately into cold, and skins will slip off easily.
3. Cut large or medium tomatoes into halves or quarters.
4. Pack tightly into jars, sprinkling salt (¼ oz. to each 2 lb. tomatoes) between each layer. A teaspoon of sugar to 2 lb. tomatoes improves flavour. Press well down, but do not add any liquid. Put on rubber rings, lids and screwbands or clips. Screwbands should then be loosened half a turn to allow for jar expanding.
5. Put jars in pan so that they don't touch each other or sides of pan. Cover *completely* with cold water. Put on lid.
6. Heat very slowly so that they take not less than 1½ hours to reach simmering point; simmer for half an hour longer. (If you have a thermometer, raise during 1½ hours to 195°F and keep at this heat for ½-hour.)
7. Take out some water with a cup to enable you to grasp jars. Take *out one jar at a time*, stand on a wooden table or board; tighten screwband or see clip holds securely. Don't take out several jars at once, for each jar must be screwed up as quickly as possible while still hot. As jars cool, tighten screwbands at intervals.

TESTING AND STORING. Next day lift each jar by lid; if lid comes off, seal is faulty and tomatoes must be re-done or used up within a few days. Store in a cool dark place, as light destroys colour and vitamin C. Clips should be removed, screwbands can be greased lightly and kept on loosely.



SALTING DOWN RUNNER BEANS

Salted Beans cannot be counted as health-protectors, but the enjoyment you'll get from them is well worth the very small trouble of salting some down.

Choose young, fresh beans. Wash, string, dry, then slice, or if very small, leave whole. Use at least 1 lb. cooking salt, dry, to each 3 lb. beans. Put a deep layer of dry salt into dry crock or jar, then press in a layer of beans. Continue alternately with salt and beans, pressing each layer of beans well down. Finish with 1-inch thick layer of salt. Cover container with cloth or paper and tie with string. In a few days look to see if the contents have shrunk. If so, fill up with more layers, finishing with salt. Finally, when the jar is quite full, cover with an air-tight seal and store in a cool place.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (S.127)

Her confidence is in Goya

To all her loveliness she adds the charm of confidence . . . Confidence in herself, and confidence in Goya—the man whose perfumes are superbly finished masterpieces

GOYA

perfumes · powders · lipsticks

161, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

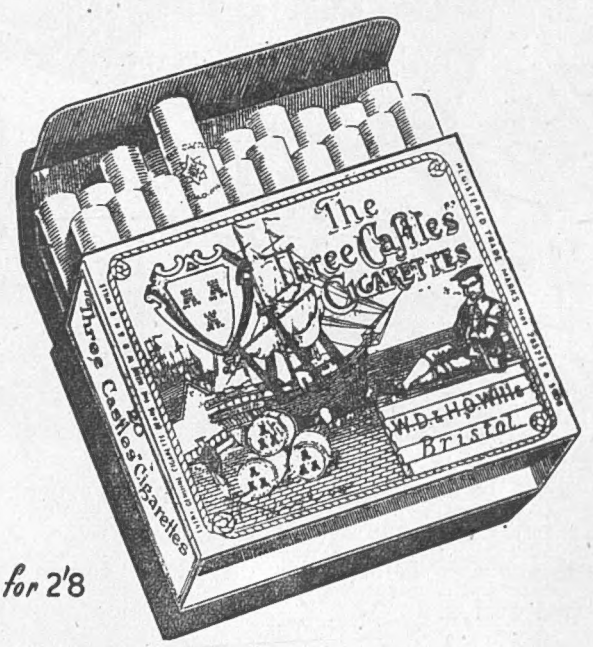
"Jolly good biscuits!"

No wonder Susan wants another biscuit! She loves the crunchy crispness of Weston biscuits, and Dad knows that they are as nourishing as they are nice. The secret of that tempting taste is partly in the skilful mixing of the finest ingredients obtainable, and partly in the Weston way of baking. ***A favourite choice to-day is Weston Rich Digestive, 1/4d. a pound.***

Weston

ALL THAT'S BEST IN BISCUITS

WILLS'S "THREE CASTLES" CIGARETTES



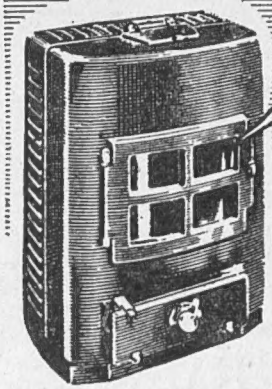
20 for 2'8

"There's no sweeter tobacco comes from Virginia and no better brand than the 'Three Castles'"
W. M. Thackeray—"The Virginians"

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. TT213W

THE GREATEST ECONOMY WITH CONTINUOUS COMFORT

I AM A FUEL SAVER



No. 22 BJ ESSE, closed-fire type.

PATENT ESSE STOVES

CONTINUOUS BURNING

SAVE FUEL—this and every winter—with an ESSE, either closed type (burns anthracite, coke or smokeless fuel) or open/closed style, using ordinary coal or any solid fuel.

SMITH & WELLSTOOD LTD. BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND
Est. 1854. *London:* 11 LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.4. & 46 DAVIES ST., W.1
also at LIVERPOOL · EDINBURGH · GLASGOW

Shortage of cosmetics doesn't worry me! The best aid to beauty is inner health. So—

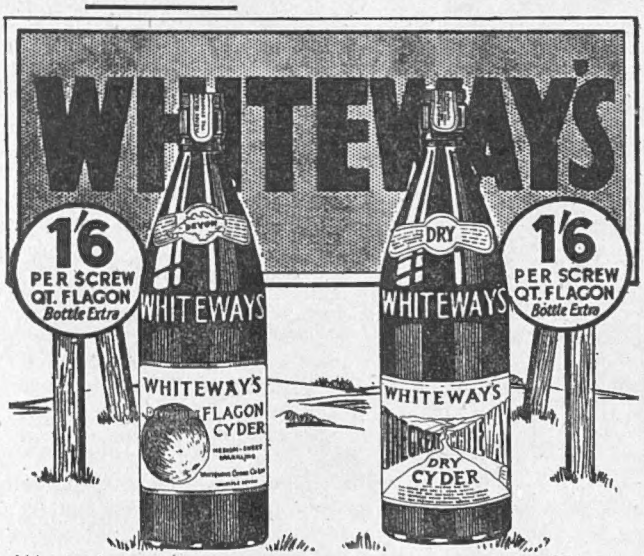
—every morning take

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)

CYDER

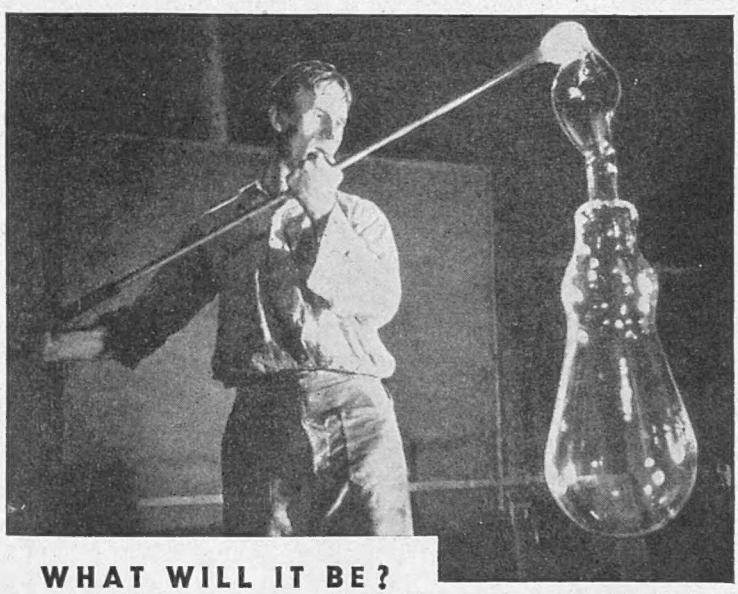
WITH A NAME YOU KNOW "BEHIND" IT



We used to pride ourselves that there was no part of Britain where you could not get Whiteway's Cyder. Now that is changed. Cyder, like many other things, is being zoned to save transport and labour. We can send our cyder only to certain areas, and many people who for years have held Whiteway's in high esteem, must now be denied it until zoning ends. To the lucky ones in the Whiteway zones we extend our congratulations; to those who must forgo their favourite cyder, we offer our sincere regrets.

WHITEWAY'S CYDER ZONED

cvs–85



WHAT WILL IT BE?

WE ARE NOT ALLOWED TO TELL YOU what this highly skilled glass blower is making, except that it is part of an important machine that helped to win the war. For six years most of the facilities of the Phoenix factory have been turned over to such work. War has demanded glass of greater strength and greater clarity, qualities that research will embody in Phoenix clear glass oven-ware.

PHOENIX
REGD. TRADE MARK

THE CLEAR GLASS OVEN-WARE
Clear and Stays Clear

TOWN AND COUNTRY FOUNDATION

Now it is even better than ever before. The war has not been very kind to the average delicate English skin and this foundation is just what those skins require. It is protective, it wards off sun-dryness, it conceals tiny lines and minor blemishes. It gives the skin a soft, youthful dewiness and holds make-up fresh for hours on end. One size only, 7/6, including tax.

Helena Rubinstein

48 BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.
TELEPHONE: GROSVENOR 1407

Boucle—in various lovely colours—makes this new Harella model. At all good fashion stores. If in any difficulty write to L. Harris Ltd., 243 Regent Street, London, W.1

Whenever I see hands in a stocking I think: "Ah—

Aristoc!"

Sigh no more, lady. Both you and we look forward to the day when there will be a more generous supply of your favourite stockings. Meanwhile we are making *Aristoc Utility* in attractive shades. Supplies are limited but fair shares are distributed to all Aristoc dealers.

FINE GAUGE FULL-FASHIONED STOCKINGS

That a Child May Know Companionship

How strange it will seem that once mothers, harassed by unending housework, had no time to spare for eager minds. In post-war homes kept clean and bright by H.M.V labour-saving electric appliances mothers will find more leisure to enjoy the company of their children.

H M V

ELECTRIC HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES

ELECTRIC IRONS • ELECTRIC WASHERS • RADIANT FIRES
ROOM HEATERS • HOT-PLATES • COOKERS • REFRIGERATORS

" This has always been a great place for believing in the sea-fairies which you folk call mermaids," said grandmother Mackail

The Little Red Cap

An Irish Love Romance

By

Day Russell

DENNIS MACKAIL might have been home much sooner if his father had not told him that he should try and see his grandmother in Ireland before he returned. After three years overseas he felt a month one way or the other would not matter, and after untangling a lot of red tape and after suffering considerably from the effect of the war on Irish transportation, he found himself in civilian clothes walking from a small Irish village towards the sea. As he came in sight of the sea he checked a small photograph with a grey stone house set back in a garden and realised he had at last reached his destination. A girl's bicycle leaned against the stone wall by the wicket gate and, at the same time as they saw him, he saw an old lady and a girl sitting on a bench in the garden. The girl jumped up and the old lady rose slowly.

" It 's yourself," said the old lady. " On the heels of your own letter saying you were coming. I was just reading it to Clare here, who brought it only five minutes ago. Clare Brannigan is our postman until some of you men get back."

Dennis had a quick impression of a girl of about eighteen, a mass of blue-black hair, the deepest blue eyes he had ever seen and cheeks which were blushing. Then she was retreating quickly to her bicycle. She waved her hand to grandmother Mackail and said the oddest thing as she picked up her bicycle and clapped a little red cap on her black curls.

" By yarrow and rue, and my red cap too,
Hie me away to Ballykinloo. . . ."

Then she was gone. Grandmother Mackail chuckled. " You wouldn't know that rhyme, would you? Well, never mind, I 'll tell you about that later. Now let me look at you."

She stood, leaning on her cane, a shrewd old lady with a gleam of humour in her eyes. " You 're the living image of your grandfather, but I only hope ye 've got more sense. He 'd do anything rather than work. But he gave me six sons and set them all such a bad example that they all went overseas, every one of them, and worked so hard that they 've been able to keep me in luxury in my old age. Sit you down. There 'll be tea coming out in a minute or two."

There followed a session of questioning, and Dennis found himself curiously at home with this little old lady. A maid as old as she was brought out the tea, and it seemed like some scene taken from another century.

" Maybe ye 'll be finding it dull around here with two old women," said his grandmother. " But there 's Clare around and there 's grand swimming down by the shore. Where are your bags? "

" The carrier is bringing them from the station."

" They 'll be out some time this week, then," she said, as if that was normal. " Yes, if it hadn't been for your grandfather's winning way, Clare would have been my granddaughter. It was her grandfather that said he 'd go off to America if I married your grandfather instead of him. But he didn't. He married Clare's grandmother six months after. The Brannigans and the Mackails have been saying things about one another ever since."

Dennis laughed, as much at this bright old lady as at her words. " What was she saying when she got on her bicycle? "

" That 's a long story," she said. " This has always been a great place for believing in the sea-fairies which you folk call mermaids. They 'd come ashore looking for husbands, and you 'd know them by the little red caps they 'd be wearing, although you 'd be asleep when they came. They 'd go through every house looking for the man they 'd choose, and in every house there 'd be something to eat and something to drink left on the table for them so they might not be offended.

" Then, when a sea-fairy had picked her man, she 'd swim off-shore until she saw the man of her choice walking by the sea. She 'd swim ahead and leave her red cap on a rock for him to see. Sure enough, if he picked up the red cap he 'd become betrothed to her and she 'd take human form and come ashore and they 'd be married."

Dennis was interested. " What about their children? "

"They'd be fine," said his grandmother. "They'd be brighter by far than the other children, and so handsome ye couldn't take your eyes off them."

"Yes, but what if the man didn't pick up the red cap?"

"Ye should never under-estimate a woman. She'd wait her chance and when he passed that way again she'd be near the shore, showing only her human head and shoulders, and she'd be nearly drowning and calling for help. Devil a man could ignore that, but when he dived in to pull her out she'd discard her mermaid's tail and become a beautiful girl, whereupon he'd be sure to fall in love with her, men being the sentimental creatures they are."

"But where does that rhyme come in?"

"'By yarrow and rue, and my red cap too, hie me away to wherever you like. . . .' If the man was unkind to her, she had only to put on her red cap and say that rhyme and she would disappear into thin air. On the other hand, if her man was good to her, she'd give him her red cap as a mascot and wherever he went it would save him from any trouble."

"A nice idea," said Dennis.

IT was a lovely day the next day and Dennis went walking by the shore and, oddly enough, he was thinking of his grandmother's story, when he saw the red cap. He had walked along great ledges of rock against which Atlantic rollers swirled with a magnificent surging.

Impossible for swimming, he thought.

But then he came to a sheltered bay in which the great rollers were transmuted to a calm swell in the spring sunlight, and it was there, lying quite alone on a rock, that he saw the red cap. He saw in the same instant that it was exactly like the cap Clare Brannigan had been wearing the day before. He smiled to himself, because it seemed like an invitation, and he was not averse to spending a pleasant holiday instead of a lonely one, although it would be necessary to establish quite early that he had no serious intentions. Having kept heart-free for three years of war, he was trying to keep things that way until he had seen what civilian life was like.

But it was a lovely day, with a warm sun and soft air full of sea smells and freshness, and there seemed to be nobody else within miles, except, of course, the owner of that red cap. He saw her swimming near the shore and she waved to him and swam to where he sat down on a ledge.

The swaying water of the cove was so clear he could see down to the bottom, and as she swam to him he could see her strong, slim body and long limbs in the water.

He put her red cap on and laughed down at her.

"Be careful of my cap," she cried. "It's precious."

She lifted herself out on to the ledge beside him and the water dripped from her flowered bras and brief shorts.

"Coming in?" she asked. "It's lovely."

"That carter hasn't brought my bags up yet from the station."

"Oh, Murphy? He won't be passing your place for another two days yet."

"So I must wait?"

She laughed. "I was forgetting. You are one of these Canadians. You want everything done at once. I'll bring them up myself in the gig this afternoon. And, please, my red cap."

"Didn't you want me to put it on?" asked Dennis, remembering the legend.

"How did I know you were coming here? It's precious because my brother in the R.A.F. sent it to me from Canada, and red gets so easily soiled."

"Well——" said Dennis, putting it carefully on the rock again. Then he couldn't find anything to say, because she looked so young and ingenuous that she was either playing with him or she meant what she said and he had no way of finding out which.

Then she jumped up and dived in again and he wished he could join her, because the swimming looked so good and she looked so . . . so. . . . Again he could not find words, because it was not so much that she was beautiful or lovely or anything like that, but that she was so full of vitality and youth that he couldn't take his eyes off her. When he said good-bye to her at the crossroads to make his way back to his grandmother's cottage for lunch he

Illustrations by Edward Osmond

The swaying water of the cove was so clear he could see down to the bottom, and as she swam to him he could see her strong, slim body and long limbs in the water. He put her red cap on and laughed down at her

decided that it had been a very pleasant morning.

"Well," said his grandmother the very first thing. "Tell me all about it."

"About what?" he asked, fencing.

She looked at him with her shrewd eyes. "Ye look as if ye'd had a stimulating morning and ye can't tell me ye spent it alone."

He laughed, and realised she could probably read his thoughts anyway, so he might as well tell her. And he did, because she wormed every detail from him.

"Maybe I shouldn't have told ye that story about the mermaids and their red caps," she began. "And maybe I'd better be telling ye right away the girls around these parts are not so free as your city girls or your Canadian girls. In my time a girl kissed a man when she had his ring on her finger and not before. And not such a bad idea, either."

"Don't worry," said Dennis. "I've got a lot to do before I think of rings."

"Don't misunderstand me," said his grandmother. "I was only telling you the local custom. There's lots of fun a man and a girl can have without thinking of rings and such things. And maybe just as well, or I'd have to be telling you something about the Brannigan family."

"Tell me, anyway," prodded Dennis.

His grandmother looked at his tanned face, with its clear brown eyes and crisp brown hair. An attractive boy, she thought, and the living image of his grandfather. "Well, if you must know, the Brannigans never did approve of the Mackails in a marrying way, and the Mackails never would have anything to do with the Brannigans, not after your own father ran away to Canada with Peggy O'Hare instead of Molly Brannigan, that's Clare's aunt that married John Fraser in Dublin. But that's a long story which I'll not tell you here, and if you go swimming in the cove don't stay in the water too long. That ocean water is cold."

Oddly enough, that afternoon, when Clare brought the bags from the station, Dennis had gone to the cove half-hoping he might see her there, and his grandmother kept Clare to pick up the day's gossip from the village. After she had heard it she looked at Clare and noted the clear complexion, with the spray of freckles across the nose, deep blue eyes that wandered around to see if Dennis were in the garden.

"Dennis was telling me he saw you swimming in the cove this morning?"

"Yes, I go there every fine morning."

"But this morning ye left that red cap on a rock. Ye'll know what that means around these parts?"

Clare blushed and laughed. "I didn't think of that."

"Maybe ye didn't, but I would if I were you. He's a handsome boy and he's heart-free, but he's the living image of his grandfather."

"What was wrong with his grandfather?"

"Nothing. I loved the man all his life and still do, but he was enough to break any ordinary woman's heart, the way he'd spend his time talking down in the village when other men were working. Devil a penny did I have to my name until his sons grew up and thought I'd worked too hard all my life giving them a decent upbringing. I'll not say a word against him, but it's not

a life I 'd be wishing on a girl. So have your fun if you will, but keep your hat on your head and your heart in your pocket."

Clare looked at the old woman in surprise, speaking thus against one of her own family. But old Mrs. Mackail had a reputation for speaking her mind. The Brannigans had not always liked it, and they did not like it now.

Just to show her, thought Clare, I 'll stick my red cap on every rock her precious grandson passes. But it was a little disappointing to have to do such a thing when the arrival of Dennis had been such a heaven-sent addition to a spell of lovely weather.

Dennis, on the other hand, lay in a patch of heather overlooking the bay enjoying the sun on his face and pondering over his grandmother's queer warning. Coming from a long bout of Service life to an isolated, out-of-the-way spot like this, it was one thing to find oneself with a girl who seemed to like him and who had very little to do with her time, but it was quite another thing to get involved. That would be very easy and it would be too bad if she took him too seriously. But the only alternative seemed to be a sort of monastic isolation except for the occasional tea-party with grandmother's old cronies. A month of that would be hard going. There seemed to be no young people in the village. He didn't care about the ancient feud between the Mackails and the Brannigans, nor did Clare seem to, but he did not want to find himself slipping into an awkward situation simply because there was nothing else to do in this place.

He remembered her swimming in that bay, sitting on the rock in that swimming-suit, and it seemed to him that he was letting opportunity slip by him. But he had always wanted to fall in love some time of his own accord and not be thrown into it by circumstance.

He tried walking inland, but it wasn't nearly as interesting as the shore, and he found his footsteps inevitably leading him to the village or to the bay where he had seen Clare. Sure enough, one day he walked over the hill to swim in the bay and he saw her already down on the sun-splashed rock, lying full length. She was waiting for him, but he didn't know that. When she saw him coming she dived into the water and swam out into the bay with long, clear strokes. Her red cap gleamed on a rock.

He stopped to watch her. She 's doing the wrong thing, he thought. According to the legend of the sea-fairies she should get into difficulties so that I should have to dive in to save her.

That is exactly what followed. She turned on her back and seemed to be struggling to keep afloat. Her voice came up to him and he began to run. He saw her lifted by the ground swell and then go under. She struggled back to the surface. " Help ! help ! "

Throwing off his jacket, kicking off his shoes (*Continued on p.* 51)

To his surprise Clare jumped up to run to her bicycle, but his hand shot out and caught her skirt and pulled her tumbling down right on his knee. In the same movement his arm went around her and he swung her round and kissed her full on the mouth

The Best Days Of

The British Colonial Empire

Still Lie Ahead

By Negley Farson

IT is said that history proceeds only by a series of catastrophes. And that it is in these times, in periods of chaos and crisis, if you deliberately disembody yourself from passing events—stand off and take a look at them—it is then that you get an *awareness* of history, of the trend of events around you.

Apply this to the British Colonial Empire—the non-self-governing colonies—and you will see that the best days of the British Colonial Empire still lie ahead. What is happening? Between the two wars the English had come to the sorry plight of apologizing for the word "Empire," whenever, usually inadvertently, they used it. It was accepted, owing to a loose use of words, as a synonym for Imperialism. The Intellectuals, especially the left-wingers, felt it their personal duty to attack the word Empire whenever they met it. They jeered at Kipling—although today that great master of words (and moral vision) is having almost a rebirth, with such highly intelligent and aesthetic poets as T. S. Eliot and Edward Shanks calling people to account for underrating him.

Decoration by Jack Matthew

Between the two wars, in the dizzy, flaccid twenties and thirties, there was a certain odious type of sparrow intellectual who came down after three years of soft soap at Oxford and Cambridge, and called his elder brother (who had fought in and survived the Great War) a "hearty"—sneering at him, just because he was man enough to admit that he disliked the tame and tasteless routine of life in an office—and that he wished he could go out to Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Africa! Somewhere where a man could engage in a *personal struggle* with life and Nature—and feel, ultimately, the satisfying taste of achievement.

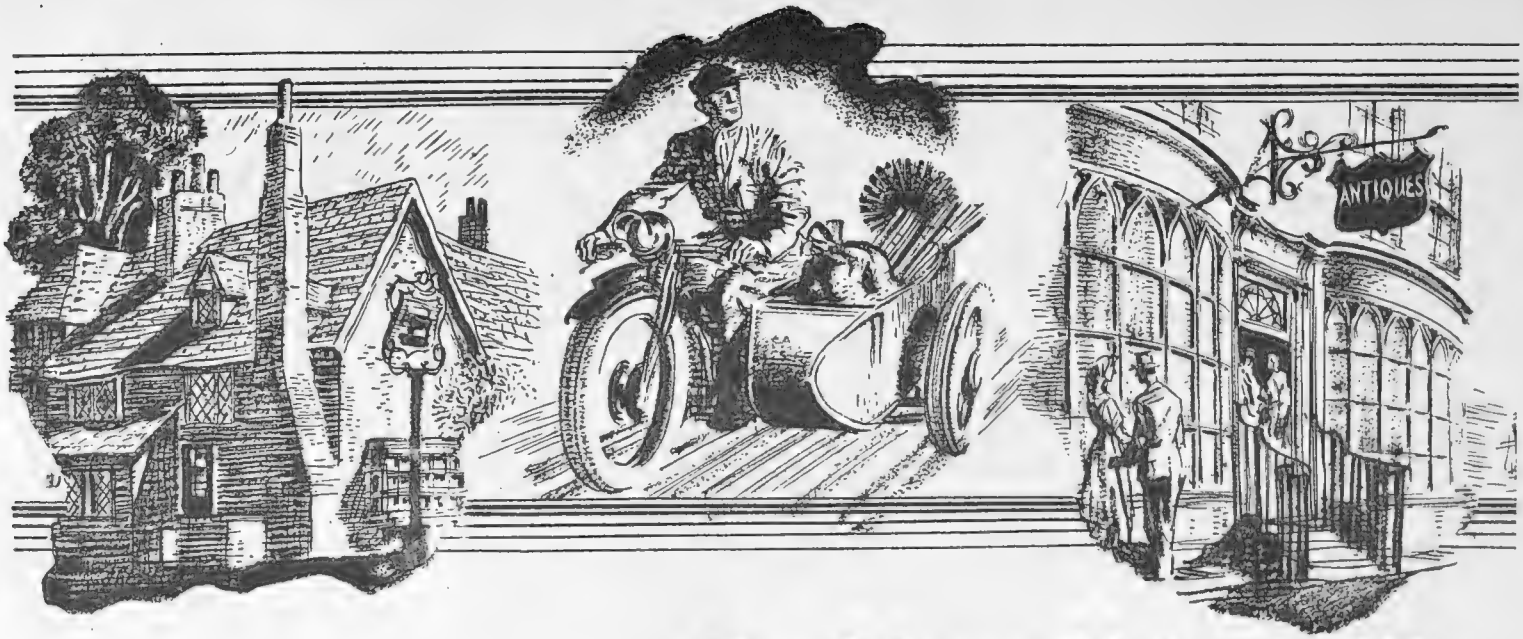
BETWEEN the two wars, owing to this lack of interest in England—with its automatic reaction upon politics—the debate on the Colonies was limited to one day per year in the House of Commons. Minister for the Colonies was a second-rate political plum, handed out to second-rate Party personages, to keep them quiet—and you changed such Ministers more frequently than you changed your clothes. With a catastrophic lack of vision, the pundits in Whitehall still insisted that the non-self-governing Colonies must be self-supporting. (Today you have a £120,000,000 two-year Colonial Development Fund.) No major plan whatever was ever thought of (such as the French had started to work out) for a colonial survey—in which all the colonies should be regarded as complementary to Britain's great industrial position—and one should be made a necessary and vitally useful partner of the other.

And because of all this, between the two wars, England had ceased to send out settlers any more—the colonizing spirit was dying—and you sent out only officials. I heard that bitter complaint everywhere I went in Africa, in a last survey I made there (see *Behind God's Back*) in 1938 and 1939.

The Italians and the Germans, then in Africa made that statement jeeringly. England was finished in the colonial field, they said boastfully. Italian settlers in Tanganyika made me listen to how, in only two years in Abyssinia, the Italians had built more miles of good roads than had the British in twenty years in Tanganyika. German settlers (subsidized and kept in debt by their own Hitlerite Government in Berlin) pointed with contempt to the poor English settlers, who, forced to farm and sell merely as individuals, were forced into failure time and again by the vagaries of the wildly fluctuating world markets for coffee, tea and sisal. "Ach! the British have no *plan*!" they said. "The British don't know how to run a colonial empire!"

This was partly true; but the other side, as I had the pleasure of pointing out to the Germans and the Italians, was that the British had a *moral* attitude towards the natives of Africa that was so far in advance of theirs that they could not even see it. It was beyond their comprehension. And, although there were no statistics that anyone could measure it by, there was a long-distance, enduring quality in this British humanitarian attitude which, in a final analysis, *gave them a stronger hold on Africa itself* than the Germans or Italians could ever get by sending out Government-subsidized settlers—or by organizing and arming slave-battalions of native *askaris*.

Strangely enough, that premonition of mine (which was all I (*Continued on page 52*)



So You Want To

"YES, it's a nice little business. It's given me a congenial life, and a comfortable income, all these years. I've been able to send my children to good schools and give them a much better start in life than I had. I could never have done that on a salary. . . . Yes, I started after the war. Used my gratuity and savings, borrowed, and my wife had a little money."

And Mr. John Smith, thumbs hitched under armpits, complacently surveyed, from the warm-brick terrace of the old farmhouse, the green meadows where his fat cattle grazed.

Sitting with his old wartime friend in his private bower in the far corner of the country hotel garden, he reached down to the ice bucket, lifted the fat green bottle, poured more champagne.

Replacing his cigar, he leaned back in his swivel chair, glancing out of the window, beyond which he could see the low roofs of the factory buildings, his name sprawled big across the front-office façade.

He . . . but fill in your own picture. It could be any one of around 30,000 different kinds of business. Nearer 100,000 if you make finer divisions, arguing that a butcher is not the same as a baker, though both are shopkeepers, or a market gardener is not in the same line of business as a live-stock farmer. The detail of the picture doesn't matter. It is always woven of the same magic threads in the same excitant shape. *"My own business!"*

One of the great dreams of the times. Not new—it's an old phenomenon of post-war eras. But more widespread, perhaps, animating more minds, and with a bigger total weight of money available to make the dream come true. Not that starting a business is the end of the story. It's only the beginning, although it may be—was, in thousands of cases after the last war—the end of the money. For between launching oneself on the business tide, and sailing away to enduring success, there's many a slip, slide, and slump.

Here's the Brigadier. He's got £3,000 and he proposes to use the lot to establish himself as a country inn keeper. Here's municipal-job-holder Joe. He's accumulated £300, mostly from spare-time earnings—playing the drums in the local dance band, keeping the local social club-house swept and cleaned, selling vegetables and cuttings from his big garden, cutting and selling firewood—and he's going into the garage business.

Here's Alex, son of a prosperous professional man who died lately and left him £12,000 on trust and a reversionary interest in a much larger sum. He will spend three years studying and getting practical experience in agriculture, and then his trustees will release capital for purchase of a farm. Farming is a business like anything else. You produce at so much, and sell at what you can get; and you take a profit, or foot a loss.

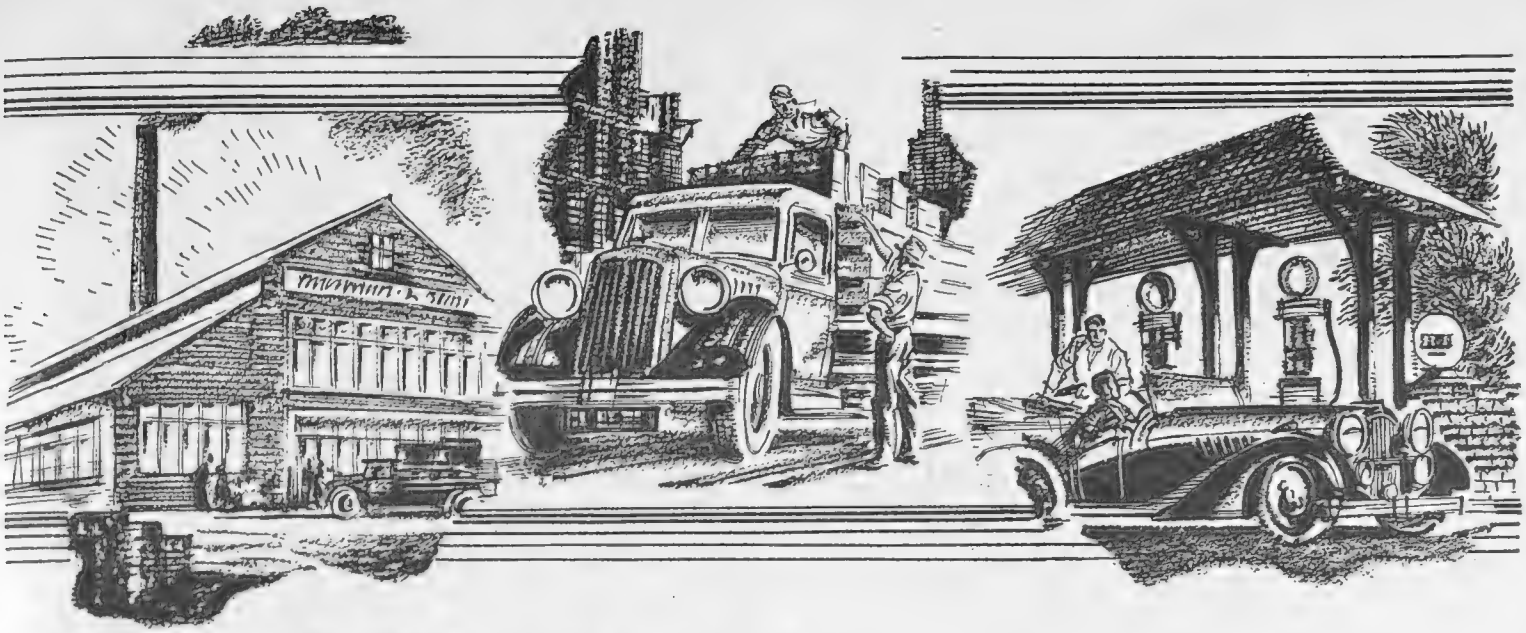
And here's Bill, the cement-worker. He's saved enough money to set up—when he can leave his job—as a sweep. All he needs is a motor-cycle combination and his sweeping gear, and enough money to tide him over while he's building a connection—he already has several regular customers.

An hotelier, a farmer, a garage-owner, a sweep. They sound very different, but when the tale can be told to the end, much the same set of human qualities will emerge to explain success or failure. I can quote cases both ways. The failures are more interesting than the successes.

A professional man died, left his widow £6,000. She went into the hotel business with a stockbroker partner. The venture turned out badly. But it would have been surprising if it had succeeded. Running an hotel efficiently and profitably is a very difficult business. Casualties in this business even among experienced and practised entrepreneurs run high. One or two bad seasons, and the money runs out—and the creditors move in.

One might think that with plenty of money back of him, and expensively acquired academic and practical knowledge, a young farmer could not fail. But a young man's father left him a large estate and a large sum of money. He had studied economics at his university. He was a countryman. He decided to specialize, modernize, develop, open his own local-town shop to sell his own produce—the margin between farm and retail prices is large. But after several years he had to sell up. He had overspent, made too many large losses; and the collapse of agricultural prices after 1929 hit him too hard. He had also made the mistake so often made by gentlemen farmers. He had imagined he could compete with professionals, and that in bad times.

A man bought a garage for £3,000. The garage had been the only one in the



Start A Business?

Between Launching Oneself on the Business Tide, and Sliding Away to Enduring Success, there's Many a Slide, Slip and Slump

By C. Patrick Thompson

small coast township when it was built. Then another, bigger one opened at one end of the main through road, and took all the business of the west-bound traffic, apart from local trade, which was small. And a new one was projected for the other end, to milk the east-bound traffic. It began building soon after our friend had bought what he thought was a bargain. The gentleman who had sold out had got wind of the new enterprise, which meant his ruin, in time, and had passed the baby to the "mug."

A wage-earner gave up his job and started as a carrier, owning his own truck. But on his own he failed to develop self-discipline to replace the discipline of the job. He liked his extra hour in bed. He liked to stop on the way and linger over a pint, or better, two or three pints. He let independence go to his head and was rude to customers. Another carrier cut in, and carrier No. 1 was very soon out. He went back to his job. He was good at it.

Illustrations by Jack Matthew

Such tales are going to be retold endlessly in the first phase of the post-war era, while people have money in the bank, and opportunities, real and false, endlessly present themselves.

Tens of thousands of people after the last war lost their money through an indirect plunge into business. They put money into new ventures which impressed them through the well-known names on the Board. Their mistake was to imagine that all you have to do is collect £50,000 or £500,000 and a bunch of "names" to sit round the Board table, hire a manager, rent or build a factory, and, lo, you own part of a business in which your money is safe, and which will infallibly pay you a large income for life. Babes in the business woods made this fundamental error with rayon, cement, radio, motor-car manufacturing, cotton spinning, printing, glass bottle making, jute, and a long line of other enterprises, in the first decade after the last war. "I never dreamed that with a Board like that I'd lose my money," a professional man remarked, telling me the story of how he put a hard-earned £7,000 into a new company, which in a very short time went with the wind. Fortunately for him, he continued to be successful in his own line, which did not call for business acumen; he was a popular novelist.

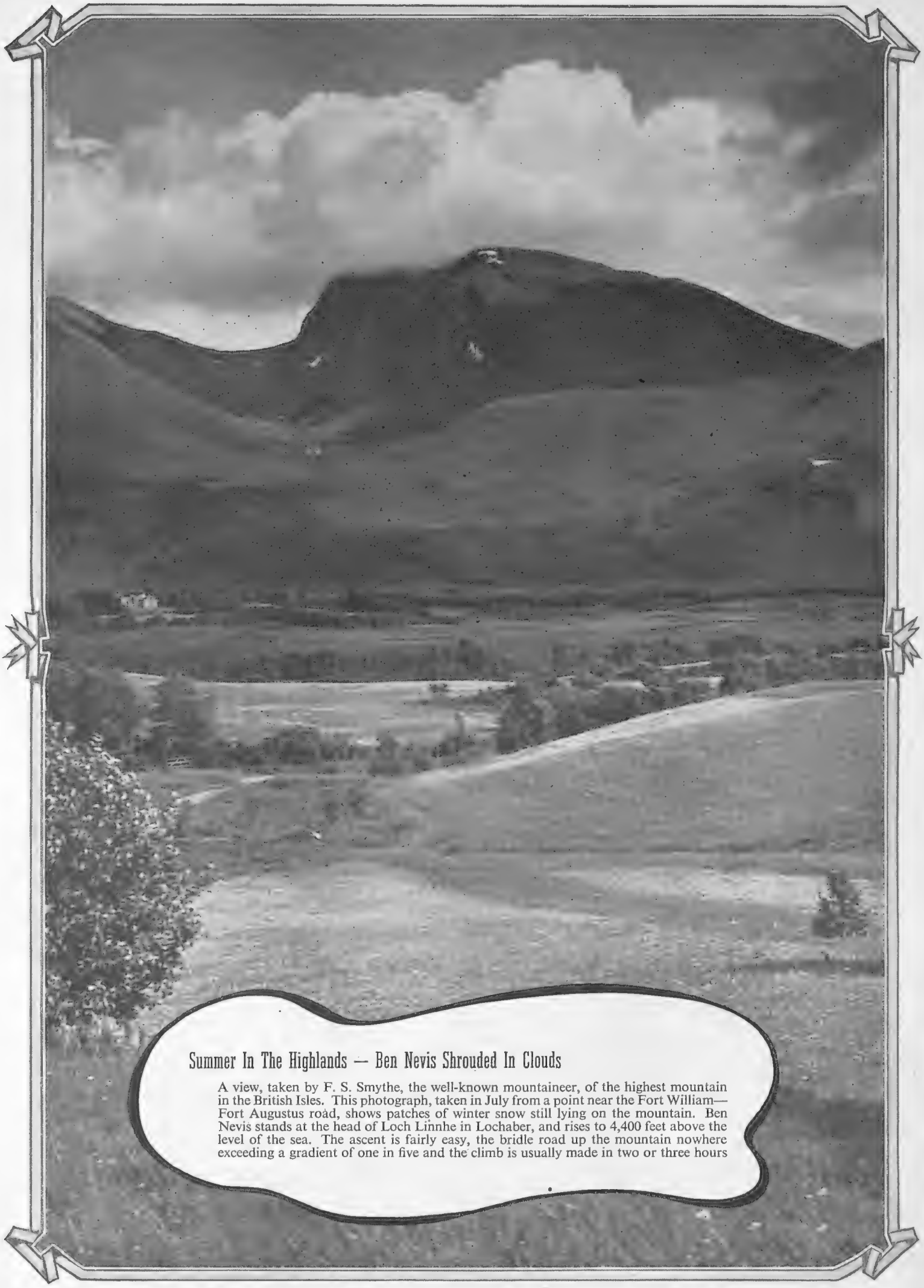
The record shows—apart from what commonsense tells one—that enterprises which start in a large and decorative way, at a time of high prosperity in that particular or in all industry, invariably fail. On the other hand, many successful businesses grow from small, careful beginnings, and one-man direction. The seed-sower, of course, is always an astute businessman, who knows how to make money as well as how to spend it: something which the amateur never learns the "how" of.

The great Shell Oil business started literally from sea shells. Marcus Samuel had a little seaside shop. He found that visitors liked to take home souvenirs. He exhibited large seashells with little seashells stuck over them, making an exotic-looking ornament for the inland-home mantelpiece. He sold quantities at good prices. They cost him almost nothing beyond glue. His children gathered them on the beach.

Samuel extended his trade by importing larger and more colourful shells from the East. He made large profits from big pearly shells which held the enchanted murmur of tropical seas. But the murmur Samuel heard when he held them to his ear told him of money lying around on those far-off oceans and islands. He went into the sea-carrying business in those parts. Then Dutch traders found oil, the oil had to be shipped, and shells, oil and shipping got mixed up: and out of it all came Shell Trading and Transport, one of the world's great businesses.

Henry Ford started his car manufacturing career in a workshop in his backyard. He held his job in the Edison plant to assure his bread and butter and provide cash for his car-building efforts while he was learning his business. He did not launch the Ford Motor Company until he was forty, and had saved £8,000.

Jack May, the (*Continued on page* 58)



Summer In The Highlands — Ben Nevis Shrouded In Clouds

A view, taken by F. S. Smythe, the well-known mountaineer, of the highest mountain in the British Isles. This photograph, taken in July from a point near the Fort William—Fort Augustus road, shows patches of winter snow still lying on the mountain. Ben Nevis stands at the head of Loch Linnhe in Lochaber, and rises to 4,400 feet above the level of the sea. The ascent is fairly easy, the bridle road up the mountain nowhere exceeding a gradient of one in five and the climb is usually made in two or three hours

The door of the apartment opened and a man glanced out

Code Girl

The Problem Lois Had To Solve, Was To Find The Snag In The Murderer's Story

By Barry Perowne

THE circle of light from Lois's torch, roaming over the wall, discovered the words *rue des Jumeaux*. She took a small address-book from her pocket, turned the ray of light on the pages. They were covered with addresses in her neat handwriting. A codist in the Embassy service, she seemed, since she had come to Paris, to have been asked by almost everybody she knew at home to look up someone or other over here. Somebody was always writing, "Please look up my friends."

She found, now, the entry she sought: "D'Arzac, Georges and Gabrielle, 8 rue des Jumeaux (off Avenue Malakoff)."

"Eight," Lois murmured, and putting the book away, turned into the side street.

It was very dark. She shone the ray of her torch up at the houses each side. They were massive and opulent, with elaborate, wide doorways of glazed glass and wrought-iron. The numbers were over the doors. Four. Six. Eight . . .

Lois walked up two broad, marble steps, pressed a button to the right of the door. There was a whir, the door clicked open. Inside, she went up four more steps, covered now with red carpet. Paris was still on reduced electricity; the only light in the hall was a small bulb burning over the name-indicator. Also, through a glass door on the right, there showed a dim glow which came, she guessed, from the concierge's basement kitchen.

Looking for people in Europe these days was apt to be chancy business, and Lois glanced at the name-indicator with some trepidation. But the name was there, revealing: "D'Arzac — Eighth Floor."

The elevator, of course, was without electricity, and Lois climbed the carpeted stairs, using her torch—there was only one small bulb burning on each landing—and rehearsing in her mind just what she was going to say to these strangers.

Not wishing to present herself to them with her breathing quickened by the climb, she paused when she reached the top landing; and at that moment, a few paces from her, the door of the apartment here opened and a man glanced out. The light of the bulb over the door scarcely reached as far as Lois, and, evidently not seeing her, he made as though to draw back into the apartment.

"Monsieur D'Arzac?" she said quickly.

He checked. As she walked forward, his eyes slid over her trim figure, in a belted, tan coat, a tan soft felt hat with a jay's feather in the band.

"I am D'Arzac," he said questioningly.

He was thirty-seven or thirty-eight, with dark eyes, dark hair closely trimmed with a small, tight wave in it, an olive complexion. He was slender, not much taller than Lois herself, and wore a grey suit with a double-breasted waistcoat.

Lois said, smiling, "Joan Tracy asked me to be sure and look you and your wife up. You remember Joan?"

"Of course," he said.

He made no move to open the door wider. His eyes were fixed on her, yet she had the feeling that his attention was strained inward, towards the apartment.

She felt a twinge of embarrassment. "I called your telephone number twice to-day," she explained, "but got no reply. As this was my one free night in quite a while, I thought if I was going to do as Joan asked——"

"Of course, of course!" He opened the door wider,

smiled at her. "Please come in."

There was no real reason why Lois should have felt, suddenly, that she did not want to go in. But she did not. She did not want to enter this apartment at all. She wanted to be back in the Avenue Malakoff, back in the broad Bois where she could see the lights of the traffic busily circling the Etoile. The revulsion disconcerted her.

She found herself stammering, "No, really—you probably have some engagement. I've only a few minutes, anyway. I just wanted to be able to write Joan that——"

"Please!" he said. "A friend of Joan Tracy's?" He was, now, all cordiality. "I insist. A minute or two."

She could not refuse. She went in.

SHE found herself in a hall walled with mirrors, reflecting furniture of Chinese lacquer. On the parquet floor lay a rug of white bearskin. The fragrance of expensive perfume, Chanel or Lelong, was in the air. Here there was no shortage of light; a crystal chandelier and crystal wall-candles shone softly.

D'Arzac ushered her, between glass doors standing open, into a large lounge with a wine-rich carpet, cream-coloured deep chairs and settees, tall windows with quilted, cream curtains closely drawn. He waved a hand at the windows.

"You would like our view of Paris," he told her. "This is a penthouse, you know; we have a small roof garden." He pushed forward a chair for her, glanced at a gold-chain watch on his slim wrist. "My wife—Gabrielle—will be back soon."

"She isn't in?" Lois asked.

"I am expecting her at any moment," D'Arzac said.

Lois asked, "Is that your wife?"

She was looking at a portrait in oils over the mantelpiece, a portrait of a girl about her own age but as dark as Lois was fair—a girl with blue-black hair flying back from a white face, thin, bizarre and reckless.

D'Arzac did not answer immediately, and Lois glanced at him. He was standing near the centre of the room, looking, not at the portrait, but at her—looking, not as though he saw her, but with an expression both absent yet curiously tense, like that of a man working out some intricate calculation. He seemed to recollect himself abruptly.

"Yes, that's Gabrielle," he said, smiling. "But we must talk about Joan. You must give me all her news. It has been so long—so much has happened. But first we must celebrate—a bottle of champagne! You will excuse me a moment? We keep our wine in the concierge's cellar."

Lois said quickly, "I'd much rather you didn't bother. I must go now, anyway. I——"

He was already on his way to the door. He turned and smiled at her. "I shall be only a moment."

Reluctantly, Lois settled back in her chair—and so brought into view, in a mirror on the wall between two of the tall windows, the reflection of the hall through the open glass doors. Thus she saw D'Arzac open a mirror-door to the left of the hall, and with a glance back toward the lounge, pluck an overcoat and hat hurriedly from the closet. Then he opened the door of the apartment and went out.

A gendarme ushered an elderly woman in a black said, "a little question or so. You can, perhaps,

THE moment the door closed behind him, Lois sat up. Her heart was going *thump, thump, thump*. Why, she wondered, should he have taken a coat and hat—and been so furtive about it—merely to go down to the cellar? It looked as though the revulsion she had felt against entering this apartment had not been so irrational, after all; there was something wrong here. Not only her nerves told her so, but her reason, too.

She was a codist. She lived by the exercise of her reason. When she had been interviewed for her job, they had asked her if she had the type of mind that was interested in puzzles. "You see, codes," they had told her, "are subject to mutilation—the result of encoding under pressure at the other end, or faulty transmitting conditions, all sorts of reasons. You've got to be able to unravel those mutilations by deduction—'snagging,' we call it. You've got to be able to see things from the angle of the codist at the other end, as well as your own—so that you can figure out the mistakes she might have made. And you've got to be able to do it with top priority messages—with the heat on, with First Secretaries and even Chargés d'Affaires fuming at your shoulders!"

Already the trained mind behind her charming, youthful face, her candid grey eyes, was isolating the threads of this puzzle of the D'Arzac apartment. Why, just as she had reached the top landing, had D'Arzac opened the door of the apartment, anyway? It was not because he had heard her coming; the stairs were carpeted. It was not because he was on his way out; he had had on neither hat nor top coat then; besides, he had been

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier

dress into the lounge. "Ah, Madame," the detective tell us at what time Monsieur D'Arzac came in?"

about to step back into the apartment, not seeing her, when she had spoken to him. No, she thought, the reason he had opened that door had been to listen—to make sure, before he *did* go out, that there was nobody coming up, nobody he was going to meet on the stairs.

Her catching him at just that moment had merely delayed his departure—delayed it until he had thought up the excuse about the bottle of champagne. Now, she realized why he had taken his hat and coat. It was because he had no intention of coming back. It was because very probably, *he was not Georges D'Arzac at all!*

She was on her feet with a thrill of excitement, looking round the big lounge—looking eagerly for a desk or bureau the drawers of which had been forced, or a picture that might conceal a rifled wall safe: looking for some sign that a thief had been here.

But if he were a thief, his objective must have been some other room. Here there was neither desk nor bureau, and the wall-decorations were Chinese scenes wrought delicately on silk, enclosed by cream panels. There were calla lilies in a bowl on the grand piano. Save for a man's overcoat and hat thrown carelessly on to one of the deep chairs, the order of the room was unbroken, perfect.

Her eyes rested reflectively on the cream double doors to the right of the mantelpiece. She went to them, turned the glass knob, glanced into the room. The lights were on, and she saw the foot instantly. It caught her glance and held it—a small foot in a gold sandal, the slender ankle bare under a trouser-end of peacock-blue silk.

Lois's heart knocked violently. She moved forward a pace, clear of the recess in which the door stood.

A girl in peacock-blue slacks and a little, gold-embroidered jacket lay on her right side on the dove-grey carpet, one leg drawn up, her left hand lying childishly open behind her, her white forehead just touching the terra-cotta tiles of a fire-place. The tiles were splashed with blood.

LOIS did not breathe. A clock ticked industriously in the silence. The lights shone with an enchanted, sinister brilliance.

She did not know how long she stood there.

What shattered the spell harshly was the sudden rattle of a key thrust into a lock. It brought her round with a catch of the breath. She went back quickly into the lounge.

"Gabrielle?" a voice called.

Lois stopped dead, facing the glass doors.

It was the man she had thought might not be Georges D'Arzac. He was in the act of closing behind him the outer door of the apartment. His hat was in his hand, his coat over his arm. He thrust them into the closet, turned to enter the lounge, and saw Lois.

He looked at her without recognition, smiled politely.

"*Pardon*, I did not know we had visitors," he said, then looked at her more narrowly. "Something is wrong?"

Her incredulity, her bewilderment, held her voiceless, gazing at him. His eyes searched her face for an instant, then he walked past her.

"Gabrielle!"

He went to the door of the adjoining room. It seemed to Lois, turning to follow him with her eyes, that he stood for a long time in the doorway. Then he went into the room.

She bit her lip, till the sharp pain pierced the numbness of her mind. *I've got to think! What does this mean? What's his game?*

D'Arzac reappeared in the doorway, his eyes fixed on her, brilliant and dark in his sallow, handsome face.

"What happened?" he said. Suddenly he came to her, gripped her shoulders, shook her so savagely that her hat fell to the carpet, a lock of blonde hair, loosened, brushed her eyes. "*What happened?*"

Strangely, his touch calmed, not frightened, her. She looked at him steadily.

"*You* ought to know!" she said.

He looked into her eyes, smiling, his teeth tight. Then he thrust her from him, turned, caught up a telephone which stood on the mantelpiece, dialled a single number. Watching her sidelong, the receiver at his ear, he said into the telephone, "Police?" He spoke briefly, urgently, then clicked the receiver back on its hooks.

He glanced at Lois, then did a curious thing. He edged the toe of his neat shoe under her hat, which lay on the carpet, and with his foot flicked it sharply toward the door of the (*Continued on page* 58)

Posters made by Japanese school children of Osaka advertising the first meeting of their club, to organize for community betterment, held at the Nagaike primary school. The poster on right announces that two well-known personalities will attend the meeting and entertain the audience with Japanese fairy tales. The three small posters are in the spirit of the theme of the club. "Let's Beautify Our Streets" says the banner held by the boy with shovel. The boy-soldier bears the slogan "Health" on his shirt front, and the child samurai strikes a pose with sword and fan which may be interpreted as "Victory Forever"

Upside Down In Japan

By Warren Armstrong

THOUGH the years have slipped uneasily past, the memory of that nightmare has not faded. . . .

In all the glory of her millionaire-tourist paint the liner, *Empress of Australia*, swung slowly at her moorings in the roads; the harbour of Yokohama was packed tight with shipping.

But, towards noon, quite suddenly it became strangely cold; heavy clouds obscured the sun, and an uncanny wind blew in from an unusual quarter. It carried laughter and cries of passengers: "Good-bye . . . and good luck!"

We could hear the crews of sampans shrieking in terror as the whole world seemed to rise sluggishly and then shake itself; roadways heaved, then fell from sight. Buildings trembled, and disappeared. Craters yawned and closed in. Dead and dying birds, trees, sampans, blossom, swept by my ship on that savage wind as it shrieked past beneath skies that swiftly took on a coppery hue before turning jet black.

A Japanese mother carries her child on her back, leaving her hands free and unhampered

The sea bed itself out there started to hump up, as if to grind the bones of dead ships, dead seamen.

We managed to clear from the utter hell that had been Yokohama, and reach the open seas; it had been touch and go. And now, today, the "Devil Wind" of 1923 has changed into the "Divine Wind" of this empire which its power-drunk politicians set on the slippery slope of aggression these eight years ago.

Between 1914 and 1937 the money barons of Dai Nippon helped lay the foundation upon which they and their war-lord confederates intended to erect her sea power; 75 per cent of British Asiatic trade, 50 per cent of our trade between Australasia and America, and a considerable percentage of Britain's sea transport traffic to South America—some of it from ports in the United Kingdom—passed into the undisputed possession of Japanese shipping interests. And Japan stirred even more violently towards a new phase of the world battle for sea strength.

Politically Japan was urgently war-conscious; not so the Japanese peasants who live in the innumerable little hamlets that make up this scattered empire of Honshu, Shikoku, Kyushu, Hokkaido and something like four thousand smaller islands. And this peasantry has been the *real* Japan for more than 2,000 years.

IT was barely six months before the swift attack on Pearl Harbour; to all outward appearances business was very much "as usual." Tramcars and taxis still whizzed down Tokyo's fashionable Ginza Street. The city's shops staged attractive shows. And the windows of a local travel agency caught my eye; with fine scorn for the niceties of English grammar a notice invited travellers to: "Trust your luggage to *us*. We will send it in *all* directions!" But the implied threat meant precisely nothing to a perambulating seafaringman who had left his ship in Honshu to explore the more intimate, the more natural life between Kyoto and Hakodate, in the northern island.

In any case, a leather hold-all containing the essentials of daily comfort passed mysteriously from my possession less than twenty-four hours after leaving the ship; nobody knew where it had gone, how or why, though I (*Continued on page* 66)

UPSIDE DOWN IN JAPAN

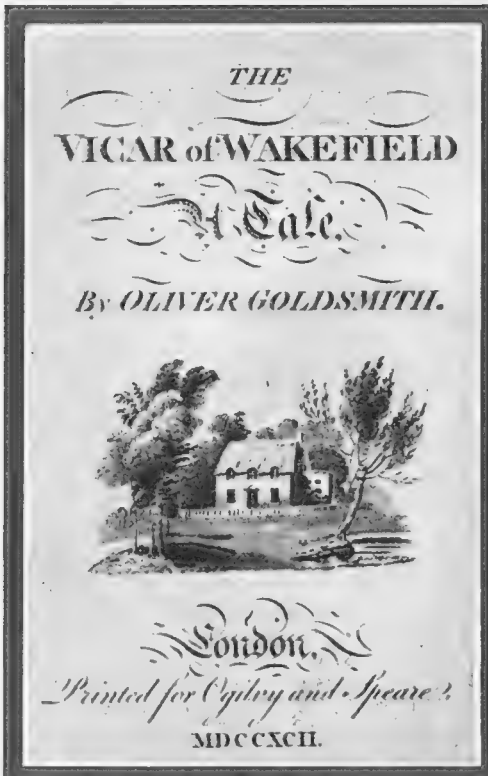
Since the great earthquake in Tokyo, the Japanese have built up many steel and reinforced concrete buildings. Here is a modern store in the city's principal shopping thoroughfare

The Japanese play a substitute game of draughts which is called "Go." The women play it as Occidentals play bridge

A Japanese peasant girl carrying her empty vegetable baskets on her way to the fields near Matsushima. Girls in poor families in Japan are often sold by their parents to a sordid trade

(On left.) Primitive irrigation. A Japanese farmer and his wife working the paddle-wheel as they irrigate their rice field

(Below.) Native bedrooms in the Hachi-Ishi Hotel at Nikko, the famous religious centre, famed the world over for its marvellous and beautiful temples



An engraved title-page of 1792. The vignette is presumably intended to represent the parsonage of Dr. Primrose

Chodowiecki, the first "Vicar" illustrator. He executed a frontispiece for an edition published in Berlin in 1776. The German artist is seen in the background of this picture, where he is engaged in drawing the members of his delightful family

Thomas Stothard's graceful delineation of the Arbour Scene. Squire Thornhill salutes the Vicar's daughter

Dr. Primrose trying to sell his horse. The buyer, a villain in clerical garb, approaches from the right. In the background is a typical picture of a country inn which Thomas Rowlandson drew to perfection

THE MOST ILLUSTRATED ENGLISH NOVEL

BY H. T. KIRBY

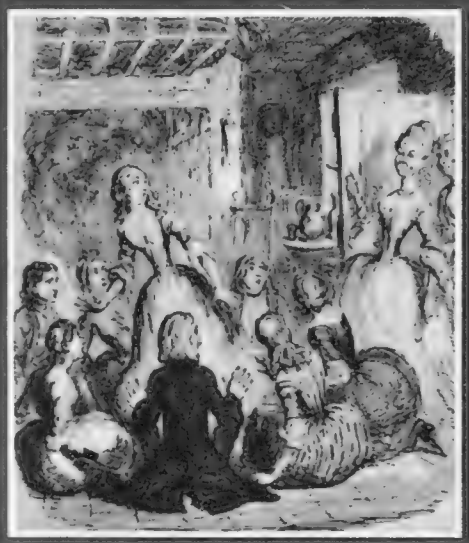
BOOK-ILLUSTRATION is a curious thing. On the face of it, a story brimming with incident—of peril by land and sea; of bloodshed and fighting—would seem to contain all the ingredients necessary to allure the artist. Yet, in practice, it rarely works out in this way. Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," for instance, one of the most simple and artless tales ever written, has attracted more artists than any other English classic. Indeed, its appeal has been so pronounced and continuous that, since its pictorial possibilities were first discovered—not, alas, by an Englishman—no single year (excluding war periods) has failed to produce a new edition on which the pen, pencil or brush of the illustrator has been called upon to depict the adventures of the delightful Primrose family.

Goldsmith had been in his grave some years before his first illustrator appeared. This was the German, Chodowiecki, who, in 1776, executed a frontispiece for an edition published in Berlin. Apart from sharing the then quaint continental idea that an English squire lived in hunting tops and a jockey cap, the picture is otherwise excellent. Not until 1780 did an English artist notice the book, but during that year two candidates appeared, Walker designing (for Harrison's *Novelists' Magazine*) the plate reproduced here, and Dodd executing frontispieces to each of the two volumes issued by Wenman. Although only separated by some six months, priority must undoubtedly be given to Walker's work for Harrison.

Next in importance was an edition of 1792, illustrated by that most prolific of English book-illustrators Thomas Stothard. Grace and elegance, as seen in the Arbour Scene given here, are Stothard's forte, and his work is always pleasing. Six years later, in 1798 to be precise, the great wood-

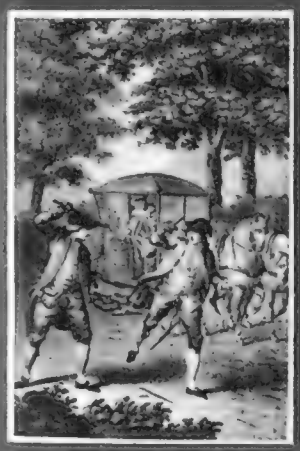
Cruickshank's impression of "Moses Bringing Back the Gross of Spectacles from the Fair"

Here is Thomas Rowlandson's interpretation of the same incident as that depicted by Cruickshank (on left). This reproduction is taken from an excellent edition published in 1817 by Ackermans



"Entry of the Fine Ladies During the Game of Hunt the Slipper." Another example of Cruickshank's excellent work

Thomas Rowlandson's illustration of "Entry of the Fine Ladies During the Game of Hunt the Slipper." Rowlandson delighted in working in coloured aquatint. Another example from the edition published by Ackermans in 1817



"Mr. Burchell Rescues Sophia." Early illustration of the Novel, by Walker

"Farmer Flamborough and the Vicar." An illustration by Clennel published in 1812

Thomas Bewick, the greatest of all English wood-engravers, illustrated an edition published at Hereford in 1798, and here is a reproduction of the well-known "Journey to Church"

engraver Thomas Bewick did some cuts for an edition published at Hereford. That chosen shows the unfortunate episode of the Journey to Church, in which the bad temper of the animal with four "up" is excellently indicated. In the later '90s of the same century, Corbould worked on the novel for Cooke's *Selected Novels*. On the title-page is a charming vignette of Mr. Burchell reading aloud. This drawing underwent an amusing transformation, since—on its reissue some twenty years or so later—the engraver's aid had been enlisted to change the fashions depicted in the first picture to those prevailing at the time of the later edition! The scene by Corbould, is from another edition produced in the early years of the nineteenth century, but it gives a good idea of his capable draughtsmanship. (*Continued on p.* 54)

CLIPPERS OF THE CLOUDS

The new giant U.S. Transport aircraft. The latest Boeing four-engine aeroplane, the C.97, which is a military transport adaptation of the famous B.29 Super-Fortress, being weighed in the Renton, Washington, factory of the Boeing Aircraft Company, prior to its first test flights. It has a maximum speed of well over 300 miles an hour and can carry 100 fully-equipped infantrymen 2,000 miles non-stop in less than ten hours

A model of the Brabazon I., the largest land aircraft under construction in Britain, now being built by the Bristol Aeroplane Company. This air-liner will have a wing-span of 230 ft., its height to the top of its single tail-fin being 52 ft. Designed for non-stop flights between London and New York, the aeroplane is powered by eight "Bristol" Centaurus engines which give the huge air-liner a cruising speed of 250 m.p.h.

(Below.) The Duke of Gloucester's York aircraft "Endeavour." Not a liner, but a royal yacht of the air, showing something of the luxury that air-liners will attain within the next two years. This aircraft has a royal suite, a state-room with eight deep arm-chairs, each chair with its own table, a bath and an all-electric pantry-kitchen

Air-Liners of To-morrow. Passenger planes now on order by air lines of the United States, ready to roll off the production line as soon as war conditions permit. The accent is on bigger, faster and more comfortable air-liners than any yet. At the top is the mammoth new DC-6, big brother to the DC-4. This plane will carry fifty passengers, plus a crew of five, at a maximum cruising speed of 334 miles per hour. At the bottom is the giant of them all—the 204-passenger Consolidated-Vultee plane. In this aircraft, from New York to London will be a trip of about 9 hours, with cruising speeds of 310 and 342 miles an hour

Clippers of the Clouds

New Giants of the Air for the Traffic of the Future

By Frank S. Stuart

THEY are flying already—the giant clippers of the clouds!

There are more regular scheduled services per day by air between Prestwick and the American Continent than there are expresses between Glasgow and London. A 50-tonner has crossed the American Continent nonstop from Seattle to Washington, 2,323 miles, in 363 minutes.

All over the world, 100-tonners are being completed. At least one aircraft of twice this gargantuan size will complete her flying trials this summer.

Biggest of them all actually to have completed her acceptance trials is a French flying-boat, the Latecoere 631, a 75-tonner with a fairy-tale history. The French Air Ministry are very pleased with her performance, and are putting her into service this summer.

This six-motor 10,000-h.p. monster, with a wing span of nearly 200 ft., was almost completed in 1940 when the Germans burst like a torrent across France. Marcel Moine, the chief designer, and his staff, performed a miracle to save their darling. They actually took the 75-tonner to bits and hid all the parts in the Landes Forest. The Germans were told she had been hurriedly completed and flown away to England. *They never discovered the truth.* When they were driven back, after D-Day, Moine and his people performed a second miracle no less than the first. In transportless France, they reassembled all the parts, rebuilt the flying mammoth, and now she has passed her tests, and will undoubtedly be one of the first clippers of the clouds on the peace-time Atlantic skyway.

The hull of the Hughes Hercules, the largest plane in the world now under construction by the Hughes Aircraft Company of Culver City, California, U.S.A. The hull is 220 ft. long, 30 ft. high and 25 ft. wide, while the wing is 320 ft. from tip to tip

France has at least one other 75-tonner, the Breguet 1011, nearly completed, as well as some lighter and faster types for stratosphere routes above eight miles high, where most of the long-distance clippers will ride for economy reasons.

Biggest of all the flying monsters so far is the Kaiser-Hughes HK.1 flying boat. Even Mr. H. G. Wells's "things to come" are dwarfed by this extremely solid reality—*one hundred and seventy-five tons of it.* A Flying Fortress is about 22 tons, a Lancaster about 30 tons. Try to imagine, then, what 175 tons of winged power would look like!

This is not a blueprint or a publicity story. The HK.1 is to undergo her acceptance tests this summer. Eight of the mightiest aero-motors, each of over 2,500 h.p., will lift this colossus into the air. Her wing span is 320 ft.; more than twice that of the world's biggest bomber.

Very little authentic news has leaked out about this most secret of all American projects for the capture of the post-war air carrying trade. It is believed that the HK.1 is to be principally a freighter, perhaps with a fairly low speed as speed is reckoned nowadays, when the Atlantic can be flown in six hours. Howard Hughes is perhaps America's cleverest air designer; and Mr. Kaiser, producer of the Liberty and Victory ships, is something like an Arabian Nights' wizard in production. The aeroplanes they turn out between them will be formidable challengers indeed to anything that flies.

The American 50-tonner which recently established the transcontinental speed record (previously held by a Greyhound Mustang fighter) was a Boeing of a type to be used by (*Continued on page* 68)

The "Shetland," Britain's largest civil flying boat, in flight. Designed and constructed by Short Bros., with the collaboration of Saunders Roe Ltd. It is powered by four Bristol Centaurus engines, has a fully loaded weight of 130,000 lb., a wing span of 150 ft., and overall length of 110 ft. The aircraft has two decks which can accommodate up to 70 passengers in real comfort. In addition a crew of 11 is carried. This mighty 58-tonner has a maximum speed of 267 m.p.h. Cruising at 184 m.p.h., it carries a payload of 7,628 lb. for a range of 4,650 miles

Illustrations by Hailstone

No Strawberries And Cream

"SLIM" WILSON of the U.S. Army Air Force had two interests in life, food and aircraft, and in that order. A tall, loose-limbed young man from Indiana, with lazy blue eyes and a prominent Adam's Apple that worked overtime with anticipation of the next meal, he was the despair of mess secretaries. No mess budget would ever balance with Slim around. He preferred a good hotel menu card to the finest sonnet ever penned . . .

It was food, or rather the lack of it, that brought Slim and Mabel together. After a quite inadequate five-course dinner he strolled dismally in the direction of "The Bull" and wished he was back home with a tall plate of wheat cakes and syrup parading before him. Not for the first time he wondered how these English managed to stay healthy on their meagre diet.

"The Bull" was filling up when he drained his second pint and stared gloomily at the empty sandwich dish behind the bar.

"Well?" asked Mabel. She was plump and sloe-eyed, but Slim would have settled for a juicy steak instead of Cleopatra the way he was feeling.

"I'm just plain hungry," he muttered. He looked up and thought he saw a flicker on her red mouth. Yes, and she was winking stealthily. He went on drinking beer and helped her with the washing up afterwards. He was practically a dying man when she grilled him a lamb chop. Love was born of that chop.

Fairleigh, as you know, is normally a sleepy town in a quiet Cotswold valley, but when Slim found love and good cooking there it was jammed with American airmen, Poles, Free French and quite a few Australians. Many paid court to Mabel but it was always Slim who sat with her in the back row of the Palace on her afternoons off. That is, until Dugan arrived on the scene with six foot four of muscle, a wide smile and a line of blarney that made New York City sound like a hick village.

"When that Arab pulled a knife on me I gave him the works," he confided to an attentive group. "How was I to know it was his wife behind that fancy veil?" His yarns covered every waterfront east and west of Suez, but there were tears in his eyes when he spoke of Sydney Harbour.

"That lovely beach," murmured Mabel with dreamy eyes. With a beer in front of him Slim began to talk of breath-taking fights in the air.

"All that lovely sand?" said Mabel softly. That night Slim went to bed ravenously hungry.

Of course, Mabel came round a little but the chops were fewer. She managed to keep Slim, Dugan and a Polish squadron-leader on a string for weeks, and the trophies on the bar would have delighted the Imperial War Museum curator. There were Nazi helmets, Italian badges, enough Iron Crosses to go round a whole Panzer Division. Mabel loved collecting such souvenirs.

It was on a bright afternoon in July that Slim saw those strawberry beds. Mabel had stood him up and gone for a country walk with Dugan or that slick French captain. Slim was feeling most sorry for himself until he saw those thick red strawberries glistening in the sun. He looked round cautiously, and quickly hoisted himself over the wall. He ate one or two, decided that they were okay and made quite a meal. Then, as it was getting quite hot, he propped himself under a tree and dozed quietly off with his forage cap over his eyes.

He woke up with a jerk. Sharp teeth were tearing at his sleeve and a lean face with cold blue eyes was staring into his own.

"Get away, Chips," shouted the owner of the Alsatian who edged off reluctantly. Slim wiped his red-stained mouth and stood up with a lazy grin.

"Sure am sorry, sir," he remarked to the thin, flannelled man. "Guess I must have dropped off to sleep."

"I'm very sorry we couldn't serve you cream with your strawberries," said the man coldly, turning on his heel.

Feeling a trifle sheepish, Slim picked his way over the wall and wandered down to "The Bull." Dugan was already in his favourite corner chewing the fat with Mabel and half a dozen of the regulars. Slim ordered a pint and wondered vaguely if he could square himself by sending a note of apology to the owner of the late strawberries.

"This bragging doesn't impress me," Mabel suddenly snapped at Dugan. She waved a dimpled arm at her war museum. "Prove it!"

"What d'ya want, darling?" asked Dugan, surprised. "Hitler's moustache?" There was a guffaw all round but Mabel didn't bat an eyelid.

"I've enough Jerry souvenirs," she said tartly. "The man that brought me a Jap General's field cap or maybe his belt . . ." She sighed with a collector's longing.

It was two years before Dugan sat in that bar again, but he didn't forget Mabel's challenge. And Slim, sipping his beer thoughtfully, didn't forget it either.

TIKIMA looked just like any other tree-fringed Pacific island in the moonlight. A light wind rustled through the coconut groves, the lagoon looked like a silver shawl, and it needed only a few dusky cuties in sarongs and a ten-piece orchestra to make it a super-Hollywood production. But to-night there were no dusky charmers on Tikima, only hundreds of buck-teethed little men crouching over machine-guns in the

A heavy-paunched Japanese officer with heavily braided epaulettes was preparing to hoist himself into the 'plane when Dugan got up slowly and levelled his Thompson

Absence Made Her Heart Grow Fonder—Of Somebody Else

By Stanley Jackson

undergrowth, rows of trucks cunningly camouflaged and a red-balled flag high up on a palm tree. And in the peaceful lagoon dark shapes bobbed at anchor.

Seventy miles to the south-west of Tikima the aircraft carrier kept glancing at its wrist watch, alert for the "Action" signal. In the ready rooms Slim and the other pilots were getting their last-minute orders. The charts had been memorized, and the bombs hoisted on the aircraft. Slim had thoughtfully chalked a message on the belly of a fat torpedo: "To Tojo from Mabel." He wondered if she was still behind the bar at "The Bull." Probably married to the big-mouthed Pommie by now, he decided ruefully.

The lookouts kept peering across the silvery water, watching for Jap periscopes as the carrier turned into the wind. Twin rows of hooded yellowish lights studded the flight deck. The carrier moved forward. From the north subs and cruisers sneaked towards Tikima. Lean men, stripped to the waist, sweated for the last time through loading drill. Officers checked equipment and joked in strained whispers.

Then the circular low-lying reefs on Tikima suddenly blazed with splodges of incendiaries. A great sheet of flame tore into the sky.

"Jackpot!" said the American skipper on the carrier.

"Pilots, man 'planes!" boomed the loud speaker.

Slim stretched himself lazily, popped a bar of chocolate into his mouth and buckled himself into the cockpit of his Hellcat. He pushed open the throttle and shot forward between the yellow lights. Angry flashes were coming from the ack-ack guns on the island. Great bangs and flares seared the sky as the broad, flat deck was drained of aircraft. Orange-coloured streaks of tracer ripped from the Japs. . . . Slim had barely time to throw his kite over into a dive as a Zeke buzzed over him. He opened up with his machine-guns and grinned as the daisy-cutters started to tear the heart out of the Nips on Tikima.

He knocked down two Zekes and a stubby old Nakajima before he got over the island and dropped his dessert on a surprised-looking gun crew. Darkness had come up suddenly but you could see the flashes of the big guns slugging it out to the north. Blue spurts came from the carrier deck. Somewhere, far out to sea, a dull boom crashed through the night and a livid flame shot into the sky. Torpedo, thought Slim. Time to get back for more ammo, he decided, and turned his tail. He could already picture two eggs, sunny side up, on his plate. . . . Then an angry buzzing came to his ears and the Hellcat rocked madly and began to dive headlong . . .

THE Pommies didn't see much of the fireworks. They heard enough of the noise underwater to know that the Nips had taken plenty from the air. It was dark when the hatches were opened and the sub slid towards the shore. Dugan got into a rubber boat that bounced like a con man's cheque. He had barely touched ground when the silence was ripped wide open by Jap machine-guns squirting lead. He ducked, like the others, and sneaked forward on his belly, side-stepping quite a number of dead Japs round a strafed machine-gun post.

A whispered order crept along the lines and they fanned out smoothly. A big gun from one of the cruisers was sending over shells to cover them, as per schedule. Dugan saw a pinpoint of light blink in the dark and stabbed it out with a bullet. The Japs opened fire and bullets whined through the trees. The Pommie sergeant snapped back with his automatic rifle and stopped the firing for a while.

The naval guns were still booming, and all the while tracer bullets kept zipping into the brush. Dugan inched forward with some caution. His boots squelched into rotting coconuts and, now and then, his gun tangled in the ferns. Muttered orders passed from mouth to mouth. Then a mortar shell burst over their heads and, suddenly, scores of green-uniformed Japs came scrambling down the trees with their rifles over their heads.

"Banzai!" they screamed. Another mortar shell burst among them and a dozen went over. A flame-thrower was moving up now and Dugan felt the sweat pouring down his face as the grove to their left took fire. The sergeant rolled over with a groan as a bullet tore through his neck. It was bright as daylight in the hot glare. Then a machine-gun started chattering and there were a lot more dead Japs . . .

It was suddenly very quiet. The Jap snipers had taken up

Mabel was plump and sloe-eyed, but Slim would have settled for a juicy steak instead of Cleopatra the way he was feeling

position. You could hear furtive swishings in the dark, probably guns being brought up.

"Follow me, boys," muttered Dugan, creeping to the left of the charred grove. In a few minutes they judged themselves to be behind the enemy post. Those Japs would take some dreadful shelling from the naval guns as soon as day broke.

Meanwhile, they crawled on between stunted pineapple plants and flattened themselves every time a Jap 'plane dropped flares. A mackaw squealed so unexpectedly that Dugan nearly opened up with his Thompson. And soon, with incredible suddenness, the soft stars were powdered with grey and morning slipped over the island.

It wasn't long before rifles cracked ahead of them. Dugan and the squad went face downwards into the sharp-edged pineapple plants. Bullets plopped all round and two more men died. They had to get cover in a hurry. Then the good old mortar came up again and knocked off the Japs.

The snipers were still pretty active. There were only eleven men with Dugan when he spotted a tin-roofed shack with its white plaster walls riddled by bullets. He edged round the door and waved okay to the others. The Nips had left in a hurry, it seemed. The bowls on the table were still half-full of rice and stew. They had even forgotten to pour away the *sake*, it seemed; three or four unopened bottles stood on the table.

Dugan sent a patrol ahead and put two men on guard outside the shack. He checked on ammo while the rest of the outfit sneaked up on some sleep. But it wasn't for long. The corp came back with exciting news.

"Listen," he said quickly, cupping his ear.

"Sounds like a 'plane tuning its engines," said Dugan.

"That's just what it is," said the corporal excitedly. "There are half a dozen Nip officers about a thousand yards away. They don't seem too sure of the kite. We didn't dare chance getting too close so we came back."

"Let's get started," snapped Dugan, picking up his Thompson.

It was just like (*Continued on page* 62)

"O Rare For Antony"

By William Moore

ANTHONY TROLLOPE, Post Office Official and Novelist.
Born April 24, 1815. Died December 6, 1882.

In 1841 he applied for an appointment as a Post Office surveyor in Ireland, which no one else would accept, and in that country contacted the taste for hunting which has so greatly enriched his novels with spirited scenes and descriptions. He started writing his first novel, *The Macdermots of Ballycloran* in 1843, published in 1847, which financially was a failure. Subsequently he was appointed inspector of postal deliveries in rural districts throughout the south-west of Great Britain. In this way he obtained a large portion of the immense stock of information respecting persons and things which imparts such extraordinary variety to his multitudinous novels. From 1855 to 1860 he poured out a spate of novels which included the famous *Barsetshire* series and *Dr. Thorne*. He made it a habit when working on a novel to write 2,500 words before breakfast and up to the year 1879 had made £70,000 by his writings. He did excellent work for the Post Office and claims the credit of being the originator of the Postal Pillar Box.

"HALF-PAST FIVE, sir," whispered the half-asleep, slippered groom after he had knocked stealthily at Anthony Trollope's bedroom door in his house at Donnybrook, near Dublin. "Time to get up. I'll make the coffee and have it steaming in the study for you in ten minutes."

The groom was a tidy, funereal little man with a brown face, straggly side-whiskers, and an obstinate line for a mouth. He was steeped in Victorian respectability and worshipped with an odd sect called "The Holy Rollers" by the ribald. He waited until he heard a bellowing yawn and a bass resonant voice choked with sleep and fury shout: "All right, John! All right!" Satisfied, he shuffled away to the kitchen.

"What a life, John," yawned Trollope in the quiet study. "Where are my spectacles?" He sat down at the table and began to arrange pens, ink and quarto paper. He was a big, black-bearded man whose rosy cheeks heightened the brilliance of his black eyes set wide apart in an almost bald head.

"Must you do this, sir?" asked John, pouring the coffee.

"Have a cup yourself with me, John. It's a bitter morning. Why do I do it, eh? I get up early in the morning to write novels for money." Trollope neatly sharpened a pencil.

"Thank you, sir, for the coffee. Telling stories must be a brainy job."

"Bah!" scoffed Trollope. "Any shoemaker could write novels. It needs no brains to tell stories." He cocked a quizzical eye at the groom.

"What does it need, sir?" asked the groom, sipping his coffee.

"A lump of cobbler's wax fastened to the writer's chair is all he needs," said Trollope grimly. "Except one important thing which some modern writers seem to have forgotten—he must have a story to tell."

"You must have a lot of good stories to tell, sir, from your —er—worldly experiences."

Trollope bellowed heartily. "Think I've a past, eh, John? I haven't. But a woman from the country wanted to marry me when I was a boy of nineteen working at St. Martin's le Grand. She wrote love letters to me every day for months. I never replied, but one morning her mother in a big picture hat over a fat red face, and a basket of butter and eggs over her arm, came to the post office and screamed before the whole staff: 'Anthony Trollope, when are you going to marry my daughter?' I'd an awful job getting rid of her. Should I put that in a novel, John?"

A caricature by Spy of the famous novelist, Anthony Trollope, published in "Vanity Fair" in 1873

The groom shuddered. "Too indelicate, sir. Women should never propose marriage."

"Not in Victorian fiction," muttered Trollope gloomily, "but they've been proposing to men ever since Eve was born." He turned from the groom and wrote: "October 20. Doctor Thorne" on the first sheet of paper. John put the coffee cups on a tray and prepared to depart.

"I once borrowed four pounds from a London moneylender," mused Trollope. "I had to pay that rascal two hundred pounds before I got out of his clutches. Wouldn't that be a good subject to write about?"

"Not a respectable subject, sir."

Trollope guffawed. "That moneylender used to come to the post office every day whispering the same words. 'Now I wish you would be punctual with your payments Mr. Trollope. If you only would be punctual, I should like you to have all the money you want.' The villain!"

"He was, sir. I don't recommend such a character in a book. He wasn't a Christian. But I'm keeping you back, sir. It's nearly six o'clock and you haven't written a word."

"Colonel Maberley was my boss at St. Martin's le Grand," chuckled Trollope, putting an arm out to detain the groom. "One day he accused me of stealing an envelope full of bank notes. 'The letter has been taken,' shouted the Colonel, 'and, by God, there has been nobody in the room but you and I.' 'Then,' said I, 'by God, you've taken it.' I thumped my fist down on the table," laughed Trollope, "and upset a bottle of black ink all over his face. Ho! Ho! Ho!"

The groom became agitated. "Don't write that story in a book, sir, it would be blaspheming," he pleaded. "If you do, sir, you're a doomed man in the post office. You'd be dismissed without a character and hang your head in shame all the rest of your life. Think, sir, think of your wife and your two helpless sons."

Trollope stared at the groom in amazement. "Doomed? I see you read novels, John," he sighed after a pause. "I promise not to put that story in any of my books."

The groom's face brightened. "I only read tracts, sir, gospel tracts composed by the brethren. You've travelled a lot in your time, sir."

"I met Brigham Young in Utah," murmured Trollope. "He had seventeen wives and fifty-six children. He should make a good hero in a love story. Shall I write——"

(*Continued on page* 56)

"Now don't forget . . ." the trainer was urging him, ". . . whatever happens, don't let her out. Hold her up till the last fence"

The Come-back

The Racing Fever Was In Him Still— But Five Years Was A Long Time To Be Out Of The Game

By Marjorie Stace

AT last he came out of the Weighing Room and stood among the small, select throng of owners and trainers jammed in the railed-off enclosure.

He was taller than most jockeys, but spare and neat, with not an ounce of unwanted flesh on his lean, fit body.

His cherry silk cap was a luscious blob of colour among the tilted black bowlers and sombre service caps; beneath its peak, his light blue eyes narrowed, moving restlessly over the chattering crowd beyond the railings.

People turned to him the moment he appeared in the sunlight, his long camel coat belted casually over the rather worn, pre-war colours; his narrow, polished boots alone visible beneath the fawn hem.

"Well, Stafford?" the old Duke's weather-beaten face crinkled with his pleasure. "Grand to see you riding again."

They were all pleased to see him back. A passing, unrecognized voice said:

"Best of luck, sir. Got me bob on you terday."

An old-timer's trembling hand patted his shoulder warmly in encouragement. A long, dark mink coat with blue eyes above its silky collar halted at his elbow.

"Lovely to see you back, Hughie."

Faces, voices, handclasps, good wishes. . . .

They were all glad to see him back. They all remembered the gay, courageous, blond Hugo Stafford who had frequently ridden two winners a day in the old days of six . . . seven . . . eight years ago.

Dull wartime evenings had been enlivened for many of these bowler-hatted men and their elegant women by stories of Hugo's sensational finish at Cheltenham in 1937; of his epic win at Liverpool when Falsehood was stone cold beat and only Hugo's superb skill, judgment and spirit had done the trick.

Now, once again, before the race, he was the centre of their eager, knowledgeable conversation.

Racegoers beyond the privileged enclosure turned to look at him, to say to each other:

"There's Hugo Stafford again." Then, reminiscently, "I remember the day he rode So-and-So at . . ."

A bell clanged hollowly above the brightly coloured crowd; above the ceaseless, excited chatter. A woman's deep, mechanical voice came solemnly through the microphone.

"Here are the runners for the Chessington Steeplechase over three miles. Numbers two . . . three . . . four . . ."

He knew, at that precise moment, and with an awful sense of helplessness, that he hadn't wanted to ride again. Much better to have let the war cut him off in his prime, at the peak of his vivid, colourful career. Much better to have retired in a blaze of glory.

He'd been thirty-five then . . .

But they wouldn't leave him alone, these remembering well-wishers. It was always "when are we going to see you riding again, Stafford?" or "what about riding Christmas Cake for me in April?" or "got your licence out again, Hugo?"

THE fever was there in him still. All the craving for excitement which only riding a race could quench. But five years was a long time to be out of the game.

He told them, with a good-natured dig at himself, that he was an old man of forty now; that he'd put on too much weight, that the war had made a difference.

They had scoffed at him, betted he could still do ten-stone-eight now, that he could still beat most of these lads at the game to-day, lads, they'd insisted, who'd probably never even ridden a finish.

So here he was, having a "cut" at it. Back again in the old colours.

Yet—it wasn't going to be quite the same. Something inexplicable had changed in him—and he knew it. Standing there, amidst the pressing, eager, restless throng he knew that something vital had gone out of him. Once more his eyes passed searchingly over the crowds. They all knew him. He knew many of them. Yet he felt a peculiar sense of loss, of loneliness . . .

Beyond them he saw his horse being led across to the saddling enclosure. The animal's easy, fluid movements, those beautifully long, straight-from-the-shoulder strides were barely concealed by the old, well-worn cherry rug with the royal-blue monogram.

Dickie Spenser came out of the Weighing Room with Hugo's saddle.

"Going down now, Hugo."

"Righto, old boy."

He wished he could feel a little of the old excitement instead of this desperate alone-ness. Why should five years have made this difference?

He walked down after Dickie Spenser, accompanied by Heroine's trainer and his wife. They squeezed through the tightly packed onlookers round the enclosure, went out to the centre of the reserved ring with its frame of gleaming-coated, fast-walking thoroughbreds.

A bell sounded. Heroine, at the far end, kicked joyously as she turned in. Hugo stripped off his coat.

"Now don't forget . . ." the trainer was urging him, ". . . whatever happens, don't let her out! Hold her up till the last fence."

He'd do as he was told, of course. He was a good jockey. But a vague resentment stirred in him for the first time in his racing life: the trainer had never even put his leg across Heroine's arching back.

Illustrations by W. Smithson-Broadhead

It took a strong hand to hold the chestnut head while he was being legged-up. Then, in a series of plunging, diving movements, Hugo joined the string of horses filing out of the ring.

The crowds melted away to place bets, to take up positions on the lawns and grandstands.

Cantering the quarter-mile down to the post, Hugo's mind went back in flash-pictures over the past three years.

He saw again the four men whose lives had been so closely bound with his own. Ginger Bates, the navigator of L for Lochness; young Sparks who sat just behind him; Toffee Jones (peace-time king of a large sweet factory) in the rear gunner's cockpit; the Skipper, a young Canadian, one of the best and Hugo's special friend who'd called him, Hugo, Buddy . . .

He remembered, slipping easily along the white rails, above the shining emerald grass, the jobs they'd done together in L for Lochness.

Bremen . . . Hamburg . . . Duisburg . . .

Only Toffee hadn't survived. The rest of them had gone on together through many hells, through the fierceness of concentrated flak, the venomous swiftness of fighter attacks, the shattering experiences of battle; the thrilling, unnerving ordeal of Buckingham Palace.

There had been a deep comfort in having each other. They were tolerantly, good-humouredly scathing about each other's characteristics, those individual little trade-marks by which their personalities were known in battle and briefing room. Young Sparks with his incessant talk about his latest girl; Ginger's unperturbable humming of *Down at the Old Bull and Bush* even while L for Lochness was being shunted and buffeted by flak; the Skipper's "How're the eggs going, Buddy?" to himself, Hugo, bomb-aimer and oldest of the crew.

MOVING nto position in the line of restless horses, Hugo wondered where they had scattered to. The Skipper, he mused, would be on his way back to Toronto by now.

He brought his mind back sharply to the present. In a few seconds it would be a case of every man for himself.

Now they were ready. The line of heads held level for a second. There was a moment's breathless tension. Then the tapes shot up—and Hugo was lying fifth against the gently curving rails.

He jumped the first fence in the second flight of horses, knowing better than to be caught half-a-length behind one as it took off. The trainer's words ran repetitiously in his ears, ". . . hold her up till the last fence."

Billy Tracy, an old-stager and wise to every dodge, moved up level on Heroine's right, his hard-bitten face low beneath the green-and-white starred cap; his ferrety eyes weighing up the possibilities of cutting Hugo off before the next jump.

Hugo held the position he wanted for the first mile-and-a-half. Heroine was going well, but some intangible quality had gone out of Hugo. Nerves? No, they were rock steady as he flew over

Then a sudden roar rose above the medley of indeterminate yellings, "How're the eggs, Buddy?"

the water-jump, the widely gaping, open ditch.

His old "dash" was still there, too, tempered now with a wisdom and control which only experience can bring.

Two young jockeys coming up behind him on the downhill stretch shouted to each other as they streaked past him.

What, thought Hugo, did it matter if he failed to finish? This wasn't important. And really, in his heart, he knew that he couldn't hope to hold his own against these youngsters.

Second time round, and Heroine seemed to become imbued with Hugo's own lack of interest in the race. She was lying tenth in a field of fourteen horses as they met the water-jump again.

Approaching the last fence she moved up to seventh place. A line of people, four deep, pressed against the palings by the wings, were screaming wildly as they flashed past.

Then a sudden roar rose above the medley of indeterminate yellings.

"*How're the eggs, Buddy?*"

His heart opened to it. Roared back in glorious response. His mouth spread suddenly in a grin. His whole being warmed with a longed-for sense of the old comradeship.

He hadn't time to look for them, to take his mind off the job. But he knew they were there with him as Heroine took off, well back from the great, black fence, and soared into the air.

They were with him just as they'd been over Bremen, Hamburg, Duisburg, and at Buckingham Palace. He knew then what he'd been searching the crowds for, what he'd been missing.

They roared him to the winning post in a frenzy of delight, his whip flying off the chestnut's sweat-blackened sides as she tore past the field to win by half a length.

A few moments later, with reins slack against lathered shoulders, Heroine walked up the narrow lane from the course to the unsaddling paddock. Hugo's face was scarlet, his eyes blurred, the cherry silk wet about his shoulders and body.

". . . never have got the trip if you hadn't held her up, Hugo . . ." the trainer was saying earnestly. ". . . you could feel that, couldn't you? But . . . didn't the old girl fly up after the last fence!" He mopped his perspiring brow while Hugo swiftly removed the saddle under the close scrutiny of the stewards, then added:

"Thought for a moment you were leaving it too late, though!"

Hugo smiled a little at that, and looked beyond the fast-gathering crowd, to where a little group of men in the so-familiar uniform were standing together waiting for him as they'd so often done before: after Bremen . . . Hamburg . . . Duisburg, and Buckingham Palace.

END

On Duty Off

by June Gordon

OFF DUTY. My best-looking woman friend had luncheon with me a few days ago. I had not seen her for six months, when she had been looking very tired and the outlines of her figure were obviously blurred by a starchy wartime diet. Now her figure is stream-lined, and she can once again boast a real English complexion.

"You look wonderful," I said. "Have you found a maid, a new beauty treatment, or is it just that you have given up work?"

"No, I am working harder than ever, I still have the same old daily for an hour in the morning, and I have not had a facial for months. But," she added, "I thought it was about time I got myself into shape again, and my doctor told me that I had been suffering from acidity and recommended a course of pyretic baths, followed by massage."

The object of the pyretic baths is, of course, to sweat the acidity out of you, and they must be given by a trained expert. They are expensive, but as my friend pointed out, it is far better to deny yourself a new dress or suit in order to regain your figure. The woman she went to for treatment charges 2 guineas, which includes the bath, cold douche and massage. The number of baths necessary varies with each patient, and after each bath the acid/alkali test is given. The baths must continue until the result of the test is alkali. Once the acidity has been removed, a course of ordinary massage will work wonders, and money spent on facials will be money well spent.

After luncheon we walked down to Elizabeth Arden's, as we wanted to see the new Rose Mist make-up. This newest of rosy-pink powders has been designed purely for prettiness. It is equally flattering by day or evening light. So many powder shades are faded out by electric light, but the Rose Mist is as becoming as pink restaurant lighting. The lipstick is a warmer shade than the Arden natural, and less vivid than the cyclamen, and, although in short supply, you have a sporting chance of getting either the dry or cream rouge. Powder costs 12/6, cream rouge 9/3, dry rouge 4/3, lipstick 10/-, refill 6/9.

We also found at Arden's the latest and most intriguing face sponge. When new it is as hard as pumice-stone and lighter in weight than rubber. When soaked in hot water it becomes soft as marshmallow. As a matter of fact, these sponges look good enough to eat. Shades are nile green and peach pink. The price is 17/9, and they do not become slimy with soap.

After we left Arden's my friend said, "I need some new buttons to refurbish a pre-war suit. Will you come with me and choose some?" She led me to a charming little house somewhere back of Berkeley Square, and we were taken into a room which reminded me of Aladdin's cave. Hundreds of buttons were on show, but they are not ordinary buttons. They are all made of glass, and they are more like costume jewellery. Some are pillar-box red, with a centre motif which may be a heraldic horse, a lion, a fish or some other animal. Some appear to be golden, with topaz glass centres. There were black glass buttons with cameo heads and silver designs, and the size ranged from very large coat-buttons to tiny little buttons suitable for shirts. I ordered two sets of large coat-buttons. It will take six to eight weeks before they arrive, and the price is nine shillings and a few pence for each button, which, goodness knows, is expensive enough for buttons, but reasonable enough for a piece of costume jewellery.

(*Continued on p. 64*)

The most depressing aftermath of war from the housewife's point of view is dirt and the shortage of cleaning facilities. The dirt that drifts through windows which have lost glass and been patched-up with cardboard, the damp dirt which leaves patches on ceilings and walls as a result of tiles damaged by the blitz, and the all-over dirt of London which penetrates every house, are all the more discouraging because of the shortage of soap, furniture polish, paint and labour. What we need is the luxury of plenty of Sunlight or Primrose soap to scrub with, soap powder, real Vim and Lux flakes. We need Min for our furniture and Sposs for our floors and glass. We need Ronuk and Hoovers, and we need means of getting chairs renewed and painted, and some way of getting walls washed. When you see, as I have seen, the spotless cleanliness of houses in Belgium and Holland, it is particularly annoying to realise that we, who have stood so much more blitzing, should be compelled to go on living in dirt.

PEOPLE IN

IT began to be obvious, a few years back, that glass was a most promising medium for building construction. It admits more light and sunshine to the home—it is healthier in that sense—it is easy to clean and, though this will surprise you, it is *warm*.

So the manufacturers went to work, and the result of their investigations is that we now have glass for building purposes which has all the qualities just named, added to strength, which makes it as durable as most competitive materials. So much so that they have made whole buildings of glass of one sort and another, and very successful they are.

Most people, however, will continue to live in houses of the more conventional type. At least, so far as exterior construction is concerned. The inside story is another matter, and most post-war houses will have plenty of glass in their fitting and construction.

Window space will be much larger. Folding windows, the type shown in the photograph on this page, will be usual. A recent investigation into post-war housing confirmed that for economy in material and labour, as well as for speed of construction, windows with large panes are preferable to those with smaller ones.

The tendency is increasing to make higher window heads. This increases the depth of light penetration indoors and promotes good

1. Room with a view one hundred per cent. enhanced by windows which fold completely away to one side, leaving the room open to sunshine and breezes. Large panes give an uninterrupted view of the garden

2. Coloured glass for decorative purposes is attractive and gives a greater appearance of depth to small rooms. The plate glass used to face the cupboard-fronts and for wall decoration in this case is blush pink

3. Wardrobe cupboards with glass facings reflect the soft lights and textures of rich fabrics

4. Plate glass serves as a protection behind this carving table and scarcely interferes with the wall-paper

5. A panel of glass brick entirely surrounding the front door makes this very small hall a much brighter place than it would have been without it

6. A glass dressing-table for the man occupant and a more feminine one, also of glass, for the woman. The window treatment is framed with black glass

7. Kitchen walls of ivory Vitrolite, with skirtings and borders of Wedgwood blue. This opaque glass surface is ideal for kitchens, being clean, non-absorbent and does not require repainting as ordinary walls do

8. Black grooved glass flanks this bath and gives it a luxurious appearance. The walls and floors are lined with turquoise-blue Vitrolite, which is also glass

GLASS HOUSES

ventilation. Sill levels are lower, so that occupants of a room can see out while sitting down.

Glass bricks may not sound practical to the uninitiated but, in fact, they are one of the most important developments of the century in building construction. These bricks are introduced at strategic points for better lighting and insulation. Sections or panels let into ordinary brick facing where light is wanted are invaluable.

Glass bricks surround front doors. A panel of them is let in on the staircase ; an inside wall of glass bricks on an upstairs landing or in any passage where ordinarily the lighting is not good, will be commonplaces of the house of the future.

Don't get the idea that glass bricks are cold. On the contrary, their cavity construction gives them exceptionally fine insulating qualities. Very large windows need not be cold or draughty, either. Double glass panes completely dispose of draughts, while the inner pane takes on the temperature of the room.

Glass walls, ceilings and shelves in kitchens and bathrooms are cool, clean, non-absorbent and very tough. Glass furniture and fittings combine glamour with utility. The pictures above and below are proof of the wide and highly commendable uses of glass for the future.

WINIFRED LEWIS

BOW-TIE CARDIGAN

MEASUREMENTS

From top of shoulder to lower edge, 20 ins.; across back under-arm, 17 ins.; across half-front (with edge), 10 ins.; under-arm of sleeve, 18 ins.

TENSION

8 sts. to 1 in.

THE BACK

With No. 9 needles cast on 109 sts. Work 1 in. Moss st. as follows (k. 1, * p. 1, k. 1, repeat from * to end of row). This one row forms pattern.

Continue in the following pattern:

1st row.—* P. 5, k. 1. Repeat from * to last st., p. 1.

2nd row.—K. 1, * p. 1, k. 5. Repeat from * to end.

Repeat these 2 rows twice.

7th row.—P. 2, * k. 1, k. 5. Repeat from * to last 5 sts., k. 1, p. 4.

8th row.—K. 4, * p. 1, k. 5. Repeat from * to last 3 sts., p. 1, k. 2.

Repeat rows 7 and 8 twice more.

These 12 rows form pattern. Work 4 ins. from the cast-on edge.

Change to No. 12 needles. Work 1 in. pattern. Change to No. 10 needles and pattern, and inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until 121 sts. Work without further shaping, until 13 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of the next and every following row until 97 sts. remain. Work on the 97 sts. until (*Continued on page* 67)

MATERIALS

8 ozs. of 3-ply Paton's Beehive Fingering; one pair of No. 9 and No. 12 knitting needles; buttons.

★

WOOLLEN STEP-INS

MATERIALS

4 ozs. of 3-ply Ramada Knitting Wool; one pair each of No. 10 and No. 13 knitting needles; 3 buttons; 1 yd. of ribbon for shoulder-straps.

To fit a 34-in. bust.

TENSION

15 sts. to 2 ins.

THE FRONT

With No. 13 needles cast on 33 sts. Rib 4 rows, k. 1, p. 1. Make buttonholes. Rib 3, cast off 3, rib 9, cast off 3, rib 9, cast off 3, rib 3.

Next row: Rib 3, cast on 3, rib 9, cast on 3, rib 9, cast on 3, rib 3.

Change to No. 10 needles. Rows 1 and 2. Cast on 40 sts., rib to end. Cast on 10 sts. (133 sts.). Continue in the following pattern:

1st row.—S. 1, k. 2, * m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 3. Repeat from * to end.

2nd, 4th, 6th and 8th rows.—S. 1, purl to end of row.

3rd row.—S. 1, knit to end of row.

5th row.—S. 1, k. 2, * k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 3. Repeat from * to end.

7th row.—As 3rd row.

Continue until 4 ins. from the cast-on edge, then dec. 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row following until 101 sts. remain. Work without further shaping until 12 ins. from the cast-on edge. Rib 2½ ins. in k. 1, p. 1 on No. 13 needles.

Change to No. 10 needles. Work 6 ins.

Divide sts. for shaping as follows:

Cast off 3 sts., work 46 sts., cast off 3 sts. Work 49 sts. Continue on the last 49 sts. (place the 46 sts. on a spare needle.), casting off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next and every row following until 1 st. remains. Cast off.

Return to the 46 sts. on spare needle. Join wool at the neck edge and work to correspond.

THE BACK

Work as for the front (omitting buttonholes) until 6 ins. after waist ribbing. Cast off.

EDGING

With No. 13 needles, cast on 4 sts.

1st row.—K. **2nd row.**—K. 2, m. 1, k. 2 (5 sts.).

3rd row.—K. **4th row.**—K. 2, m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 2 (7 sts.).

(*Continued on page* 67)

DRESS: BY JEAN BURNUP

Editor Women's Department

1

2

1. Hugh Beresford's dashing Regency topper, of brown felt, trimmed with apple-green tulle

2. Muted grey worsted shirt-maker, faintly herring-boned, pleated at front and back of skirt, gold-piped on bodice, cuffs and pocket flaps. Berketex

3. Black and white herring-bone, with inverted pleat front and back of the skirt, high revers and large flapped pockets widely outlined with black. Rensor

4. The nipped-in waist, rounded hip, fullish skirt and fichu-like collar of this brown bouclé top coat proclaim the current softer tailoring. Dereta

Further particulars on application

4

The big coats of next winter show that they, also, have been subjected to the softening-up process which has given us gentler, more womanish clothes, with unpressed pleats in suit skirts, rounded lapels, tiny waists and curved hips on suit jackets, drapes, gathers and flounces on dresses and blouses. Still the tweed tailored suit, the light-weight shirt-maker dress remain, like those old-friends-who-are-the-best, the mainstay of most wardrobes.

Write it Off

In business, a contributing factor to success is the policy of cutting losses. Isolating mistakes before they spread their infection throughout all your affairs is as profitable in the business of Life as in any commercial set-up. In the home, as in personal and social matters, writing off your losses is a policy which pays dividends.

Get rid of it as soon as you can find a man to give you five shillings for it

THE HOME. Having decided to rid the home of white elephants and silence clamorous mistakes in decoration, there is one thing to do before all else. This is to smother your hoarding instinct and the sentiment which prompts even the most commonsensed to say, "I can't get rid of that because poor Maud gave it to me."

This tyranny of the giver over the recipient is absurd. If, way back, Maud presented you with a fern stand which is no longer decorative or even useful in your eyes, it cannot, by any standards, affect Maud's personal qualities as the donor if you give it away.

If you require a fern stand to keep her memory green, there was something lacking in her. In any case, the fern stand doesn't come into it, except to go out, as soon as you can find a man at the back door to give you five shillings for it.

One can't be sentimental and write off liabilities—and, let 's face it, many furnishings are liabilities.

Visualise your home without its white elephants. Imagine the sitting-room without those ornaments which were in the accepted mode when you bought them, but now only sabotage your endeavours to modernise the décor.

Picture the place without those overworked rugs ; that shabby bureau, the out-dated pictures, too big for the room, with the subjects which have been boring you for years. Make your mind up about the colour scheme in the dining-room. It cost you the earth, but if you admit the truth, it has poisoned every mouthful of food you have eaten since it came.

I know things cannot be replaced now, but it isn't always necessary. Very few homes are the worse for a little thinning out, once you get used to the absence of familiar objects.

CLOTHES. Cutting losses in connection with clothes is a drastic experiment to-day, and the way to prevent reverses of this nature, is to avoid losses at the start. Anyone can get by with a piece of ill-favoured furniture, but no woman with an eye to prospects, hangs on to a dress which doesn't suit her.

A truism which needs no repetition is that plain women can be glamorous in the right clothes and beautiful, women can be a flop in the wrong ones. This only goes to show that whatever your luck has been in the share-out of physical assets, you cannot afford to be indifferent, or over-confident, or just incompetent about dress.

As to writing-off losses from an existing wardrobe, there is only one view to be taken.

If you buy a model dress with frills when you are strictly the tailored type, face yourself in the glass and in your own soul, and admit you look a fright in it. The next thing is to call in the nearest wardrobe-dealer and talk her into giving you a fraction of what you gave for it.

In the good old days most of us had too many clothes of the wrong sort, and far too few of the right ones.

It was as true then, as in these days of coupons and shortages, that one good outfit is worth three bad ones, but we are misled, by an obsession for change, into thinking that variety is more important than quality.

So much, then, for losses in the wardrobe. Why not write them off too ? Purge your cupboards of the clothes that don't give you a feeling of well-being ; pitch out the colours which give you that off-day look. Discard dresses which endorse your unfavourable curves and pass up the features you like to publicise.

Other times, other manners. These are hard times for scaling down a wardrobe, but why not switch clothes with your friends ? If you know a woman who wears your sizes and who doesn't appear in your day-to-day circle, you can do each other a good turn. Some of her discards may be the short cut to glamour for you, and *vice versa*.

Anyway, writing-off clothes losses is not an extravagance in the long run. The worth of a thing should be estimated on the basis of its power to fulfil the purpose for which it is intended.

HABITS. The habit of self-analysis which creeps upon you when you start a writing-off campaign in the home and among your clothes, will probably lead farther afield. It is a fascinating diversion, once you get into the swing of asking yourself really personal questions and getting the right answers.

From the enquiry "Am I a success in my home and in my appearance ?" it is only a short step to the even more

No woman with an eye to prospects keeps a dress that doesn't suit her

fascinating speculation "Am I a success as a person?"

If the answer is "yes," and you are satisfied with your mastery of Life's difficulties to date, you may devote the rest of your remaining years between coaching the less fortunate and enjoying the fruits of success.

If, on the other hand, you are an average human being, and there is room for improvement, you can begin the somewhat confusing process of finding out where the trouble lies.

Failing the means of investing yourself, by some short miraculous cut, with the glamour of Hedy Lamarr or the magnetic genius of Winston Churchill, you might do worse than examine those personal weaknesses which could be obstructing your success.

This requires a penetrating eye and an impersonal judgment, without which you can no more hope to observe your own faults, than to talk the grocer into giving you an extra pound of butter.

It may be that you bite your nails or mismanage your finances. You may be too selfish or not ruthless enough. More important than the fault is to acknowledge the existence of it.

For example, Life seems monotonous and unprogressive, but after keen analysis you discover that you have been frittering your leisure instead of employing it constructively.

The remedy is plain, but not easy to apply. It calls for concentration, a breakaway from familiar routine.

In large or small things, whether you set out to stop yourself from drinking soup from the wrong side of the spoon or to cease pushing out of your turn in bus queues you will have to guard against relapses.

Whatever the trouble has been with you—whether it is indifference to your own faults, intolerance of other people's—these things go on the debit side of your account with Life.

FRIENDSHIPS. Reducing personal relationships to an equation seems, on the face of it, a little cold-blooded, but in this kind of auditing, one can only reach a true balance through the realistic process of accountancy.

This is not to say that the value of human relationships can be interpreted in terms of arithmetic, but it is true that we all waste time and diffuse energy and good will upon totally unprofitable relationships. Frankly this is a great waste of time.

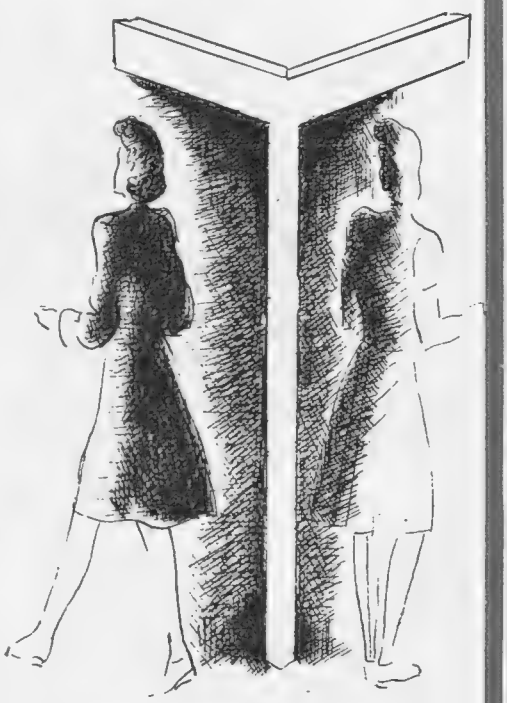
Take, for instance, the well-known case of the friend you made years ago. Time was when you shared mutual interests and common friends. You drifted apart. In maturity and under the influence of changing interests, the threads which bound you together have broken.

Now all that remains is the occasional dutiful letter. Once a year, after many postponements, you say, "I must ask Elizabeth for the week-end, or she will never forgive me; but really we have nothing in common now."

Surely this is sheer hypocrisy?

A sham friendship like this doesn't serve any practical or even sentimental purpose. It is not sincere, it is not even amusing. It doesn't get either of the participants anywhere, except into an occasional boring week-end.

Then there is the other type of friend, the woman who, in spite of genuine efforts, you have never really liked. In your presence she is honey and



Sham friendships don't serve any practical or even sentimental purpose

treacle, and behind your back you know that she criticises your clothes, reveals your age to your worst enemies, and muscles-in on your boy friends.

But still you go on with the friendship, if it can be graced by such a name, just as you continue to squander your hospitality and your valuable time upon people whom, in your heart, you know will be about as much support to you in time of need as a sick headache.

Looked at from this viewpoint, it seems rather silly that habit, convention or perhaps sheer indifference should prevent your writing off such wasteful forms of friendship. Life is short and good companions are priceless. Why not make room for more of these by cutting your losses among the failures?

W. L.

ACCIDENT POLICY

Some accidents are written in the stars, and whether or not you go through life with your fingers crossed and avoid walking under ladders like the plague, it makes no difference.

All the same, a staggering percentage of accidents can be prevented by simply taking reasonable precautions.

Accidents in the home help to fill hospitals and harass doctors every day of the year. Even the ones that are not so serious add up to a formidable total of discomfort and shock to the survivors of them. Most of them can be avoided.

Burns, scalds, electrical shocks, falls and strains from heavy lifting mostly need not happen if you keep alert.

Inefficient tools are a source of danger. Opening tins with blunt and rusty tin-openers, using an old knife as a screw-driver, is asking for trouble.

Electrical gadgets are safe enough while they are in good repair, but worn-out flex and switches result in burns and shocks that may bring serious consequences.

When pots and pans are boiling on the stove, turn all handles *inwards*. Wipe up grease from the kitchen floor directly it is spilled unless you want to slip up and sprain your ankle.

A broom or a duster left on a dark bend of the stairs is a potential trip-wire for somebody. Don't overlook loose stair rods for even a day, the same goes for rolled-up edges of carpet.

Fatigue is a major cause of accidents. When overtired we lose some of our natural alertness. Arrange a working schedule to permit short regular periods of relaxation, so that you are never overtired during working hours.

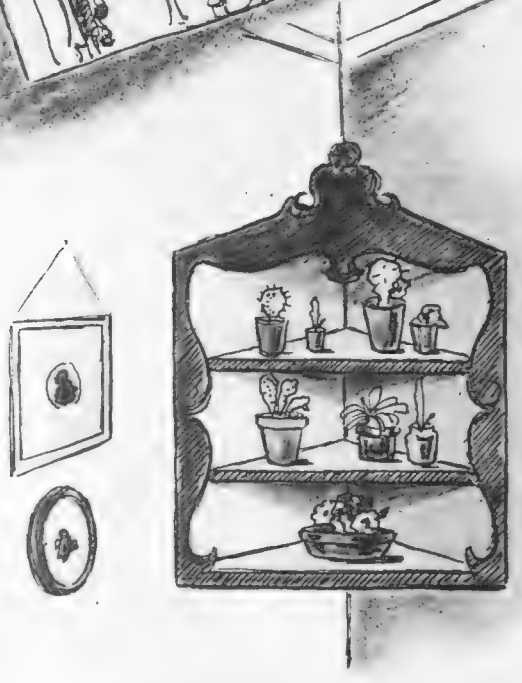
Have a special accident policy if there are children in the house. Protect open fireplaces with a guard. Did you know that you are bound by law to provide a fireguard where there are children under seven? Teach children to put away their own toys so that neither you nor they trip over them.

Alertness for the *causes* of accidents ensures that they never happen. If, after all, they do, be sure your first-aid knowledge is equal to the emergency.

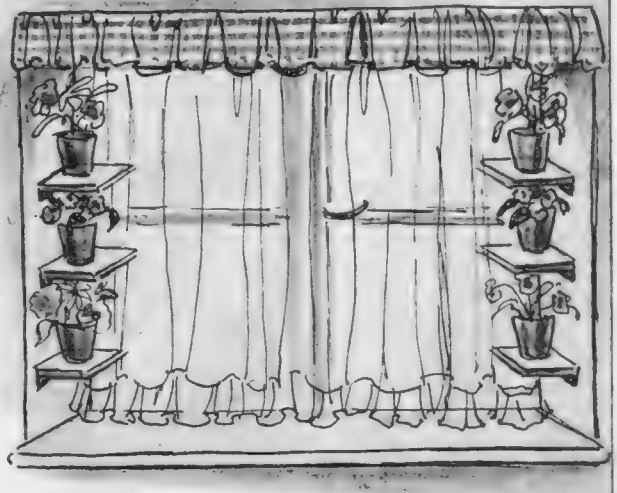
ASPIDISTRAS

Have vanished into the limbo shared with bamboo tables and horsehair couches. With them went the pot plant which, in retrospect, presents a picture of dusty fernery and obnoxious art pots. But time heals all things and the indoor plant is back, this time as an integral part of the decorative scheme, and very practical, too, in the months when cut flowers are scarce.

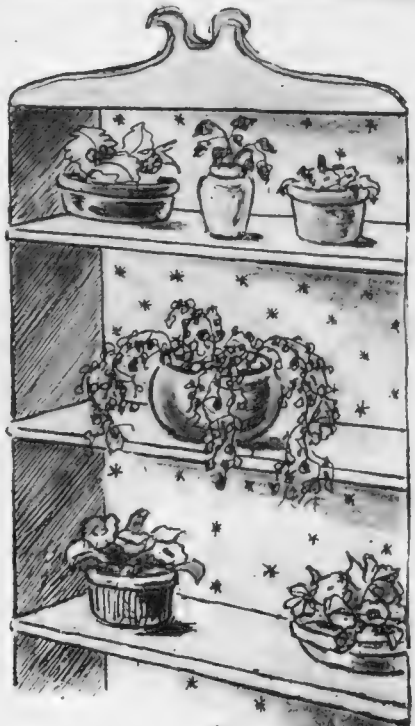
Flowering cactus, spring bulbs, enchanting little ferns, geraniums, petunias, even herbs, compose, with others in their season, an indoor garden. Here are some original ways of introducing pot plants into your rooms.



Victorian hanging corner shelves make a charming group for a bare corner frame. The inside colouring of the shelves is matched with the walls; the outer frame picks up a dominant colour in the scheme. Cacti in painted pots inhabit the shelves



Right: An arrangement for a kitchen window. Net curtains screen the glass and a pleated frill of red and white gingham runs along the top of the window on the inside edge. Three red-painted shelves, supported on brackets at either side of the window, hold flowering plants in gaily-painted pots



A cupboard with the door removed, or any fireside recess fitted with shelves, will make a setting for assorted pot plants. Rough earthenware casserole dishes, even painted pie-dishes, make good holders for bulbs and some ferns

Left: A shallow zinc trough—the kind used to hold chicken food will do—has been painted inside and out to match the paintwork and is planted with flowering bulbs. The hanging basket is green with natural fern among which a few well-chosen artificial flowers are arranged to give a splash of colour

Books:

Reviewed by Trevor Allen

ADMIRAL SIR BERTRAM HOME RAMSAY has at least two claims to distinction. As C.-in-C. of the Allied Expeditionary Force invading Hitler's fortress on D-Day he shouldered—Commander Kenneth Edwards, R.N., claims—a greater responsibility than any officer had ever been called upon to assume in the whole history of warfare. As a midshipman he went to serenade the girl of his choice, but by some slight mistake serenaded her aunt instead. There are studies of six other officers who won fame in the war in Commander Edwards's "Seven Sailors" (Collins, 12s. 6d.), a sequel to "Men of Action": Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, who sank the *Scharnhorst*; Rear-Admiral Leonard Murray of the Royal Canadian Navy; Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Neville Syfret, conspicuous in operations against the *Tirpitz*; Rear-Admiral Thomas Hope Troubridge, who commanded at Oran, Anzio, and the South of France landings; Capt. Wm. Gladstone Agnew, the gunnery specialist of the famous "Force K" which scourged Rommel's "Med" supply lines; and Capt. R. St. Vincent Sherbrooke, who won the V.C. in the Barents Sea action. The Navy is here as Ward Room and Gun Room—plus intelligent laymen—love to read of it, with Quarter Deck dignity, but also humour, of the kind that prompted an officer of the *Corfu* to say, as he gazed down on the white-lined deck of aircraft carrier *Hermes* after a collision: "Good Lord! Have we hit Regent Street?"

SOUTH AFRICAN life as her grandma lived it in the middle of the past century is re-created by Miss Mitford Hone in "Sarah Elizabeth" (Faber, 7s. 6d.). Apart from encounters with snakes and Kaffir warriors, it is a chronicle of small domestic happenings, sensitively told. When Sarah Elizabeth's pantalettes fell down in church, for example—a habit they had in those crinoline childhood days—father gathered them up with dignity and stuffed them into his tall hat. (Sarah was wishing she could be stuffed away in it, too.) She was a charming character, very different from the impassioned heroine of Olive Schreiner's "Story of an African Farm." Discriminating readers—especially women—will love her and thank Miss Hone for a fragrant souvenir.

MR. SHAW DESMOND seems to harbour a hornets' nest of challenging ideas under that shock of grey hair. In "Jesus or Paul?" (Skeffington, 12s. 6d.) they buzz busily over the conflicting teachings of the Gospels and Epistles, notably on such subjects as Sin and Woman. The world's so-called Christian churches, he thinks, are not really of Jesus but of Paul, the fanatical, devoted, but formalist hater of life who "organized Christ out of his Church"; and he argues for a return to Jesus from Paul with much documentary fervour. All this is rather out of my depth, but I've no doubt that bishops and others will wax furious on the rival theories of this fiercely controversial book. Meanwhile, that grey head will be thinking up some new shattering hypothesis. . . .

COMMANDER KENNETH EDWARDS, R.N.

I WONDER what Vicki Baum fans will do when they see a graph of world rubber output in "The Weeping Wood" (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.). Rubber is the Messalina of this story—part fact, part fiction—from the time, over two centuries ago, when an Indian boy made a pair of shoes from tree-gum in the Brazilian jungle, to present rivalries and ramifications on which the fate of empires depends. Episodes, real and invented, and the go-getters who played star roles in them, are strung together with a March of Time technique which will no doubt make a vivid film. The research behind them must have been prodigious. Everything is here, from I. G. Farben works intrigue to the man who tried to get Washington to give priority to babies' rubber teats. It is a vivid world tour on balloon tyres, so do, please resist the temptation to pop back into the (*Continued on page* 67)

EGO AD LIB.

"IS it not time another 'Ego' emerged from its shell?" a Wiltshire lady wrote Mr. James Agate. "I find them most helpful during my confinements, and shall require a new volume for Christmas." No doubt the "Ego" was well ahead of the stork, for he is a prodigious worker—proudly so. In "Ego 7" (Harrap, 18s.), his diary for 1944, he boasts that since September 1921 he has written "something over 6 million words," whereas in the 34 years 1836-70 Dickens's output, apart from journalistic work, was a mere 5½ million and Hazlitt 2½ million in 18 years, excluding his "Life of Napoleon." While Mr. Agate's journalism has brought him an average of 2s. 4d. a line, his books have averaged just over 2d. a line gross. Gross profit on an "Ego" volume is £375; net profit £200, from which Inland Revenue take £125 . . . And so on.

It is part of Mr. Agate's charm that he works with cash register and adding machine as well as typewriter, takes one inside his workshop as well as his heart and mind, and shares with us his friends, fads, and feuds. This volume is as erudite, provocative, and entertaining as ever—the product of a richly stocked, vastly operative personality—and we gladly concede his wish to go down to posterity as the author of "Ego." We should hate to think that Time might take its revenge by remembering him as the gent who cut the cackle to get to the 'osses and strut with them round the show ring. . . .

Flowers *for Decoration*

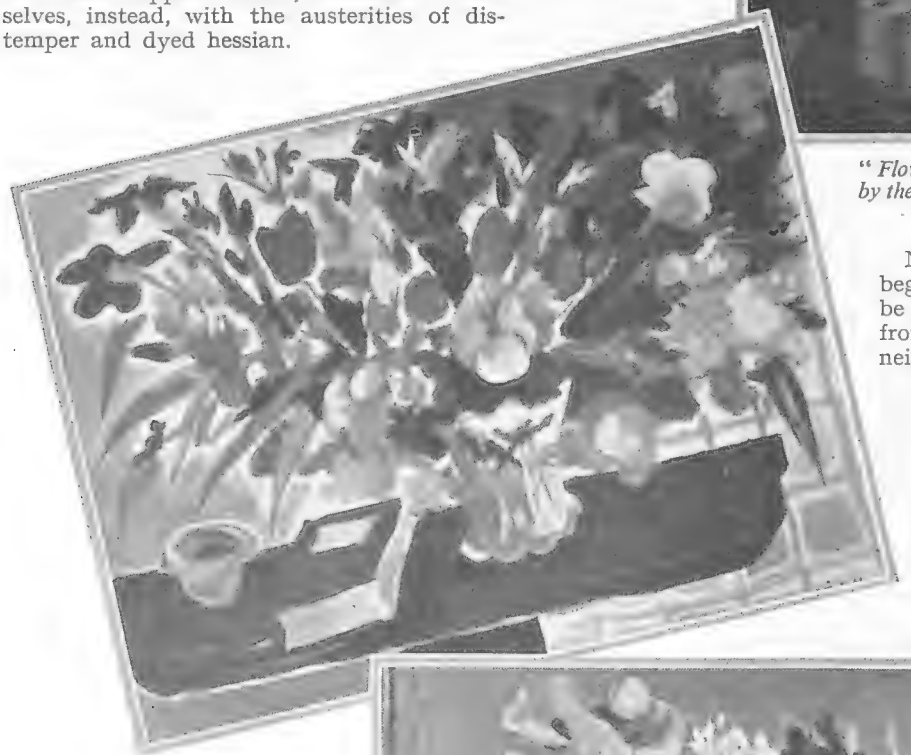
To Make the Everyday Things of Life Beautiful

By Wilma Buckley

WE have grown accustomed to the fact that flowers have been banished from our gardens during the last six years or so, partly because of the need to grow vegetables instead and partly because of labour and re-stocking difficulties (hyacinth bulbs, for instance, have been unobtainable since 1941, reserved for export). Banished from our homes, too, since the price of cut flowers rocketed into something beyond the supra-luxury category. Even artificial flowers, the best of which formerly came from France, grew fewer and shoddier; appeared less often to brighten a 1939 hat, a left-over Paris frock. Onions in the lily beds, potatoes on the lawn, a handful of beech leaves in the lustre jug instead of a bouquet of blooms, tomatoes in the conservatory . . . so flowers gradually vanished from our surroundings in actual fact and—because they seem to be synonymous with a peace time lighthearted attitude towards life—from even a representational appearance. White utility table-ware precluded the gaily-flowered tea set; those who sighed for rose-trellised wallpaper, for flower-dappled chintz, contented themselves, instead, with the austerities of distemper and dyed hessian.

"Flowers in a Vase," a beautiful example of flower painting by the famous Dutch Master, Jan Van Huysum (1682-1749)
(Wallace Collection, London)

Now, gardeners and flower lovers may at least begin to feel that a herbaceous border need no longer be planned as a guilty secret; that a flower-bedded front to the house will not be frowned upon by the neighbours. Bulb growers are looking to their market, sweet peas at horticultural shows arouse as much interest as peas themselves, and flowers will soon be in our homes again as well as outside them. A recent exhibition of flower paintings, arranged by the Cotton Board at Manchester, was expressly planned to stimulate interest in and revive inspiration from the flower as a motif of decoration for textiles; new fabrics with a floral theme were shown as well. Flower paintings by seventeenth-century Dutch Old Masters, delicate flower studies of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries (from the Victoria and Albert Museum), were exhibited with the work of contemporary artists—Matthew Smith, Augustus John, Mark Gertler, Dame Ethel Walker, Gluck and many others. That a collection of pictures by such distinguished artists should be shown in this connection is a favourable augury for the future. It is interesting to note that, among the particular flowers favoured by these modern artists, were chrysanthemums, rhododendrons, cyclamen, tiger lilies, fuschias, convolvulus, and green orchids. Designers of furnishing fabrics will surely have been inspired by this example to experiment in fresh fields (fresh gardens?), away from (*Continued on page* 56)



"Flowerpiece," by Hans Tisdall. On right, "Poppies and Irises," by John Wyllie.
(Copyright reserved, Cotton Board, Manchester)

The Cotton Board in collaboration with the Central Institute of Art and Design, recently held an exhibition in Manchester of Flower paintings by the Dutch Masters and modern artists. The primary purpose of the exhibition was to inspire and to suggest new patterns, colour schemes, arrangements and compositions in the textile productions of the future

THE LIFE OF YOUR LINO

Grease stains around the cooker and the sink tread over the room unless you protect the surface in these places. Large sheets of paper laid down while cooking or working at the sink save time.

Ragged holes soon appear under the legs of heavy furniture. A piece of old lino cut to size and fixed under the legs saves wear. Where a table has to be moved the pads can be glued to the legs.

A very badly worn area of linoleum can be easily patched. Cut a piece from an edge of the lino which may be hidden by furniture, and fit a patch, matching the pattern as nearly as possible.

Clean stains on the surface of linoleum as soon as possible after making them. If they are stubborn, rub gently with a piece of damp wire wool dipped in scouring powder.

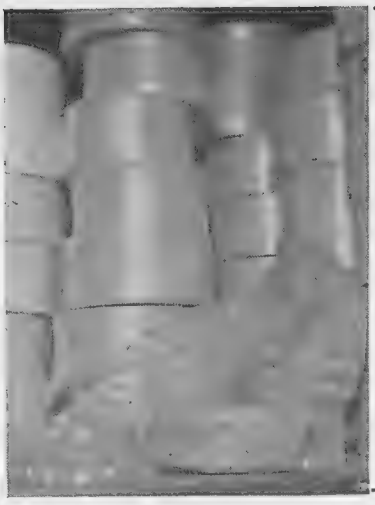
IF you are lucky enough to have pre-war lino, care for it as though it were pure gold, because replacement is difficult and linoleum which can be bought to-day is poor in comparison. If you are obliged to have new lino, treat it with respect or it will soon look shabby.

It is a mistake, with any kind of linoleum, to wash it too much and too vigorously. There is no need to swamp the surface with water every time it is cleaned. A better way is to use a damp mop daily. This will reduce scrubbing to an occasional operation.

By keeping a watchful eye for stains and grease spots, it is possible to keep the surface of the lino immaculate, without hard work. Wipe up marks and stains directly they occur.

When lino has been washed, keep off it until it is thoroughly dry. If you use polish, be careful how you apply it. Don't use an old cloth that has collected a hard film of old polish and dirt. Keep polishing cloths clean, otherwise you are merely rubbing in dirt mixed with wax. New applications on the top of old polish make smears, because the under layers of grease remain soft, while the new polish dries on top. This is why floors get slippery.

If marks show on the polished surface, you have been too generous with the polish. Use a little at a time, and let the polish dry before you walk on it again.



(Reading left to right): Testing the strength of penicillin, produced by a type of mould which formed on a culture plate being examined by Sir Alexander Fleming
Red Cross nurses with crates of plasma ready for overseas. During the research for a way of preserving blood, they learned the art of drying and storing plasma
Mepacrine is a synthetic substitute for quinine, vital requirement for tropic-dwellers. Pills sent in bulk are factory-packed into Cellophane strips for overseas

These Are Your War Gains

AT some time in the future you may be saved illness, and perhaps death, by the advances which medical science has made during the last six years. Here are a few facts about the new drugs and treatments: M. and B. 693; Penicillin; D.D.T.; Mepacrine; Plasma infusions.

M. and B. 693. M. and B. stands for the May and Baker laboratory where the discovery was made—693 for persistence and patience . . . it was the 693rd experiment of Dr. Ewing and his colleagues and it disclosed this drug which was active against pneumonia bacteria. Work on the earlier forms was under way before the war began, but it was not until these last grim years that the drugs got their big chance.

By use of these, the streptococci responsible for blood-poisoning could be held in check and many soldiers lives were saved. An epidemic of cerebro-spinal meningitis was controlled with comparatively light death-roll; and pneumonia death rates were practically halved.

Penicillin is produced by some type of mould which formed quite by accident on a culture plate being examined by Sir Alexander Fleming at St. Mary's Hospital, London. The spore forming the mould was later traced as being usually found on decaying hyssop in Norway.

Many bacteriologists had had plates destroyed in this manner before, but Sir Alexander noticed that the original cultures on the plate had been affected by the mould.

Later Sir Howard Florey put the discovery into practical use in the art of healing. Although only recently available for the general public and civilians (owing to the difficulty of producing this drug in sufficient quantities) it has been No. 1 Priority for war production purposes for some time and has proved itself as a powerful weapon against disease bacteria; it is also a promoter of healing in cases of burns.

It can be used successfully in cases of infection due to sensitive organisms, pneumonia, and other diseases—and it is still in its infancy.

It not only seems to combat the infection but to keep the whole tone of the system strong in its healing ability. Experiments with penicillin lozenges and ointment promise success in the treatment of infections of the mouth, throat and skin.

D.D.T. is a remarkably fine, powerful chemical powder which kills all insects. Its great use has been proved in this war by isolating and throttling potential typhus epidemics.

But it is possible that the powder may be used for more domestic purposes when the world is at peace. And it may be used in a mild form to replace the ineffective things with which one now attempts to keep fleas off dogs and cats, moths off clothes, flies off food, and so on.

Mepacrine is a synthetic chemical with the same effect as quinine, which is now being used in large quantities by our armies in the East. The Japs challenged us to a war in which quinine would be as essential as gunpowder, and by their first big advances robbed us of nearly all natural sources of quinine.

English scientists discovered a substitute, but one that could only be produced in small quantities. U.S.A. produced it in large quantities and called it mepacrine.

Plasma infusions are the modern type of blood transfusion now given in cases of bad burns, as well as blood-letting wounds.

Now it has been realized that the shock of the injury, be it gaping wound or seared flesh, does, in some cases, affect the blood-vessels so that they allow the blood plasma (liquid which contains the red corpuscles of the blood) to seep into the body and away, thus preventing the circulation of the red corpuscles and resulting in death.

This is now avoided by an immediate infusion of plasma—an average of three pints is given. At least 10 per cent of the war casualties had this treatment. At the beginning of the war, blood transfusions were made, but blood only lasted a short while and it was during the research for a way of preserving blood that they learned the art of drying and storing plasma so that, with the addition of distilled water, it was ready for infusion at any later date.

Here are a few of the civilian cases which would benefit from this treatment: certain cases of childbirth, certain diseases of infants, shock resulting from bad burns or accidents, certain stages of gastric ulcers which were previously considered fatal, conditions requiring an operation where the patient would be (without plasma) too weak to undergo it.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY BY CHRYSIS

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of anything mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

Helping Hands

Wear gloves when doing heavy housework

Do vegetables before a good wash-up or wash-out of undies

Massage cream in at night, and sleep in gloves, if possible

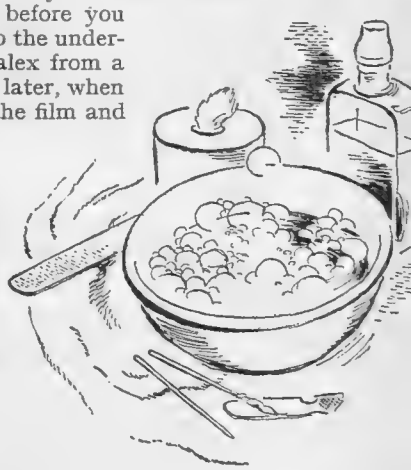
Before gardening massage cream into hands and nails

Have a home manicure at least once a week

THE percentage of idle hands has decreased, permanently, it seems. Hands are always going to be busy, but they must be beautiful, too.

There are certain rules which must become habits: wear cotton gloves when doing heavy housework to keep dirt out of cracks, cuticles and knuckles. Do staining vegetables before a good wash-up or wash-out of undies. After the main wet work has been done and your hands have a few hours dry spell ahead, massage a lotion into them. Always massage cream in at night, and, when possible, wear gloves over a heavy application of good cream. Have a home manicure at least once a week.

If you garden, massage a cream into your hands and around your cuticle and down your nails before you start. Soap can do as a protection to the under-nail. You may be able to get Rosalex from a seed shop. This films the hands, and later, when you wash them, all dirt goes with the film and the hands are white underneath.



In the winter, get the habit of wearing gloves out of doors, even if you live in the country and are only going to feed the hens. Never go into a cold out-of-doors temperature with hands still wet from indoor work. The usual offence in this case is hanging out some odds and ends of washing which you have just finished.

If you have fat hands, or hands which you think are inclined to be rheumatic, soak them in a hot water and Epsom-salt solution—1 pint of boiling water to 1 oz. of Epsom-salt—until it cools.

Massage knuckles and hands at night when you apply your hand cream. Work down each finger as though you were putting on kid glove-fingers, work down the palm in the same way.

Pumice any callous, and shape the nails at the beginning of your home manicure. Use an emery board for this, not a nail file. In shaping the nails, do not file down at the sides.

Now soak the hands in a basin of hot, soapy water for a few minutes. Dry hands down towards finger-tips so that cuticles are not rubbed loose. Do not cut cuticle, but remove loose cuticle with an orange stick which has been tipped with cotton-wool, and dipped in peroxide of hydrogen 10 vols. strength.

Soak hands again for a moment or two and then dry gently, always pressing cuticles towards nail base. Now your nails are ready for polishing.

Give your nails a buffer polish against the opposite hand, even if you are going to apply nail varnish. This friction brings the circulation to the nails and keeps them healthy.

Date At Eight

YOU'VE a date at eight and it is now just seven. Everything is ready, frock pressed, stockings mended, but you are tired, and look it. You might manage a hot bath, and tepid shower or friction, if you have time, but here is how to take the day's work out of your face.

You will need cleansing cream or lotion; skin tonic (rose-water and distilled water, or rose-water and witch-hazel will do) in a little saucer; four thin layers of cotton-wool about two inches wide and seven inches long, two small oval eye-pads of cotton-wool, wet with a good eye lotion (Arden's is excellent); skin food.

Bend your head down and give your hair a brisk brushing, then pin into place (the brushing brings the circulation to your head and carries away mental cobwebs). Tie a band round your hairline to keep it clear of creams.

Now cleanse your face thoroughly, wiping off with cotton-wool pad. Have your strips of cotton-wool soaking in the tonic now. Apply a thin coating of skin food to your face and neck, but not near your eyes. Lie down with the saucerful of wet cotton-wool strips at hand, also the eye pads.

Place the strips of wet cotton-wool from under your chin up each side of your face, another over your forehead and another curving up over your mouth with the ends going over your nose. Place the eye pads over your eyes. Rest like this, relaxing your body completely, for a good five minutes. Rise. Give your neck a brisk slapping.

Wipe your face gently with a dry, soft towel. You'll look as fresh as if you had just had a night's sleep. Now put on your evening make-up.

TOMATO CUPS

BOUCHÉES

CHILDREN'S FAVOURITE

Snacks And

TOMATO CUPS

Allow 1 tomato per person. Cut off the tops and keep them, then scoop out each tomato and turn them upside down to drain while you cook ½ lb. of any white fish. Strain, skin, bone the fish and flake it, adding 1 tin of boned and chopped-up sardines, using the oil as well. At the last, add salt and pepper to taste and 1 grated onion. Fill the tomatoes with the mixture, replace the tomato tops and serve cold on a bed of lettuce.

BOUCHÉES

Bring to the boil ¼ pint of water with 2 oz. of margarine and a pinch of salt. When the margarine is melted remove from the fire and pour in 3 oz. of sieved flour. Stir well over a low fire until a smooth paste is obtained, let cool, then stir in, *one at a time,* 2 reconstituted eggs. Drop teaspoonfuls of the mixture on to a baking-tin and leave in a medium oven for 30 minutes. Remove, split, and fill with any of the following:—

Grated cheese mixed with half its quantity of creamed margarine; shelled shrimps in a thick white sauce; boiled and minced offal creamed with margarine and salted to taste; anchovy butter; mashed sardines in tomato purée; jam; chocolate spread; thick custard with sultanas.

CORNED BEEF PACKET

Wash well 1 large lettuce, taking care not to break the leaves. Fill each leaf with a teaspoonful of chopped corned beef. Roll the beef round it and turn in the corners. Place in a scooped out and buttered bridge roll.

ECONOMY (MEAT) SANDWICH

Mince any meat left-overs and fry them in 1 oz. of margarine with 1 chopped onion. Add 2 dessertspoonfuls of flour, stir well and pour over 1 cup of milk. Continue stirring until thick and creamy. Season to taste, and when cold, spread on bridge rolls, cut in two.

CHOCOLATE ALMOND BISCUITS

Reconstitute 2 dried eggs with milk instead of water, and stir in 4 oz. of drinking chocolate powder and 2 oz. of sugar. Add enough medium oatmeal to obtain a thick paste, knead, adding a few drops of almond essence to

Fish

ROCK SALMON MARTINIQUE

Poach the fish in the oven, using 1 teaspoonful margarine, ½ cupful of milk, salt, pepper, a bouquet of herbs, and 1 small minced onion. When cooked, strain off the liquid, keep the fish in a warm place, then mix the liquid over a low fire with 1 cupful of tomato purée, ½ cupful of shelled shrimps, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, salt and pepper to taste. When boiling, pour over the fish. Leave another 10 minutes in the oven and serve immediately.

FISH MUSACA

Boil ½ lb. of any white fish for 10 minutes. Strain, bone, skin and mash, adding an equal quantity of crustless bread soaked in milk and squeezed out, 2 minced anchovies (or salted herrings), and salt and pepper to taste. Grease a fire-proof dish and arrange alternate layers of fillets of fish (uncooked), thinly sliced tomatoes and the farce. Put margarine shavings on top, cover with greaseproof paper, and leave for 20 minutes in a hot oven.

FRESH HADDOCK ROLY POLY

Boil the fish (2 lb.) for 20 minutes; strain, skin, and bone. Place the bones and skin back in the water and

Savouries

taste. Roll out on a floured board to ¼-in. thick, cut into rounds, and bake 5 to 10 minutes in a medium oven.

CHILDREN'S FAVOURITES

Crush with a fork 1 piece of shredded wheat and mix well in 1 dessertspoonful of golden syrup and 3 to 4 drops of almond essence. Butter crustless slices of brown bread and spread the crushed wheat and syrup between them.

MAYONNAISE SANDWICH FILLING

Mix ½ cupful of tomato pulp with ¼ cupful of salad cream and add equal parts of very finely-chopped celery, onion (raw) and cooked beans until the mixture has the consistency of a thick paste.

Butter thin slices of bread, preferably brown, spread mayonnaise on one slice, cover with another, remove the crust, and cut the sandwich into fingers.

PLAIN CAKE

Reconstitute 4 eggs with milk instead of water and beat well with 4 oz. of sugar. Add a few drops of any flavouring you like. Sieve 5 oz. of flour and add to the eggs, and finally mix in 2 oz. of melted margarine. Put in a greased and floured cake tin and bake for 45 minutes in a medium oven.

STOCKHOLM SAVOURY

Scramble hard a couple of dried eggs and chop them up finely. Mince a small onion and fry it until golden brown. Then add a tinned anchovy (or similar pickled fish) finely chopped; mix together, and add the eggs and a sprig of chopped parsley. Cook all together for a minute so that the mixture is really hot, pile it on buttered toasts and serve immediately. This sounds a very simple dish, but to perfect it needs practice, as neither the anchovy nor the onion flavour should predominate.

Harriet Muir

★

Specials

let it simmer with 1 onion, a bouquet of herbs, 1 carrot, salt and pepper for one hour. Mash the fish and mix with half its quantity of mashed potatoes.

Add salt and pepper, and 1 reconstituted dried egg; then, give it the shape of a thick sausage, roll it in breadcrumbs and fry it slowly on all sides until golden brown. Put in a fire-proof dish, pour over two cups of the strained fish stock, adding 1 tablespoonful of tomato purée, and leave simmering in a medium oven for ½ an hour.

SALMON FONDUE

Open a small tin of salmon and use the liquid to reconstitute (adding milk) 4 dried eggs. Grate a ¼ of a cup of cheese and have ready another ¼ cup of tomato purée. Melt 1 oz. of margarine, add the eggs, the cheese, and the chopped salmon. When the eggs are scrambled stir in the tomato purée. Serve on toast garnished with a small sprig of parsley.

COD FILLET SALAD

Boil a cut of fresh cod fillet in salted water, and when cooked remove and let get cold.

Scald ½ lb. of spinach, pass through a sieve and mix the purée with 1 reconstituted egg. Beat in salad cream to taste. Pour over the fish and eat with lettuce and raw tomatoes.

MIXED GRILL

POTATO BOAT

Gas-Ring Cooking For One

MARINATED CASSEROLE

Mix ¼ lb. of sausage meat with 1 teaspoonful of chopped herbs, 1 egg (dry), and 1 grated onion. Roll into balls the size of a walnut and fry until light brown.

Boil until tender as many sliced carrots, cauliflower flowerettes, onions and potatoes as you want; strain, and with the stock, to which you add 1 meat cube, make a sauce, allowing 1 oz. of margarine and 2 dessertspoonfuls of flour to 1 large cupful of liquid. When thick and free of lumps, add the vegetables, the meat balls and tomato purée, vinegar and salt to taste.

GARNISHED POTATO BOAT

Cook as many beans as you want. When ready, boil 1 large unpeeled potato, and when soft remove, peel and scoop carefully out. While doing this, fry 1 sliced onion with enough chopped corned beef to fill the potato. Then make a thin sauce by mixing 1 dessertspoonful of margarine and 1 of flour, adding 1 cupful of bean water or milk. When boiling put the potato in it, surrounded by the beans and leave 5 more minutes on the fire.

NEW STEW

Fry 2 small sausages. Cook a small cabbage and strain. Then boil a few carrots, onions, and a celery heart. Put a lump of margarine at the bottom of a saucepan and fill with alternative layers of cabbage, vegetables mixed with diced sausage, and chopped bacon, and finally, sliced tomatoes. Add 1 cup of vegetable water or meat stock and let it simmer until the liquid is absorbed.

MIXED GRILL

Partly boil 2 large carrots and 2 potatoes. Then cut them into thin stripes. Have a large frying-pan and start by frying 1 sausage, then add, with some more fat, the vegetables. When brown, add 1 rasher of bacon and 1 tomato cut into quarters. If you have a slice of meat left over, roll it in flour, dip in milk and cover with bread crumbs, then fry quickly on both sides.

BLANQUETTE WITH RICE

Fry in margarine a few mushrooms peeled and cut into slices. Add 1 tomato, cut into quarters, then 1 dessertspoonful of flour. When the flour is absorbed pour over 1 cupful of milk and bring to the boil while stirring. Add as much lamb or mutton cut in small pieces, as you can spare, and let simmer for 15 minutes. Remove and cook quickly ½ cupful of rice, keeping the blanquette hot on top of the saucepan in which the rice is boiling. (If rice is not available, macaroni will do.)

FIRST LESSONS . . .

. . . Home Study in The Art of Living Starts Even Before Reading, Writing and Arithmetic

HAPPY people owe more than they know to early lessons in the art of living, started by parents with intelligent foresight.

The responsibilities of a parent as guide and tutor are many and complex. Instruction in other aspects of learning can be delegated to competent outside authorities, but there are certain aspects of education for which parents are the only possible instructors.

First lessons start in those early days when a baby begins to grasp the simple ideas of discipline . . . when he is held out at regular intervals; when he begins to recognize the voice of authority and slowly to appreciate that there are more commanding forces than those of his own urgent impulses. From this fact it is plain that first lessons in living, however rudimentary, cannot begin too soon.

It takes patience and sympathy to instruct the very young in the principles of good behaviour and good understanding, without making a burden of it for both. At the same time, children are so impressionable and so much creatures of habit that if we neglect the development of good habits, bad ones will develop themselves.

We accept without question the need for such first lessons as those which teach children that it is unprofitable and anti-social to tell lies. We instruct them, according to our lights, in religious principles, and most enlightened parents today agree that some early contact with the simple natural facts of sex is wise and good. Equally important, but not always so carefully nurtured, is their understanding of self-reliance, self-discipline, social responsibility and self-judgment, to name only a few.

When it comes to tempers and tantrums, selfishness and insensitiveness to the feeling and viewpoints of other people, we are too often inclined to pass over early manifestations of indifference; to dismiss them as childish and natural, to think of the very young as being privileged to go their own way, because there is plenty of time to learn. Actually there is not. Character is built in the earliest days of life. The psychologists go so far as to say that the first three months of life are the most important in so far as environment is related to the shaping of character.

It is a hard job at best to fulfil wisely and with understanding the complex responsibilities of parenthood, but if we give the matter sufficient thought, there are many first lessons outside the curriculum of conventional teaching, which lead up to happiness in afterlife.

To take one example, there is the habit of concentration to be acquired. This is a form of self-discipline which enables us to do well at a given task by the sheer ability to focus attention at will upon the specific object in view. Think what this talent can mean to a child or an adult.

Consider again, the value, at any stage of life, of an appreciation of solitude. A child who grows up entirely dependent upon the companionship of others, and upon outside resources in entertainment and thought, is a helpless and too often a lonely person. He will be a stranger for life to the splendid independence which goes with the ability to exploit and to enjoy one's own company.

Temperaments vary in children as they do in adults. Some are more useful with their fingers than with their heads, and vice versa. This cannot be entirely changed, nor is it necessary. But a child who is helpless with its fingers can be trained to improve this faculty, just as the child who is a sluggish thinker and dexterous with his hands, can be encouraged, through the patient exercise of his mental faculties, to put energy and concentration into the things of the brain.

Children learn slowly, but first lessons stick for life. They learn easier through example than through precept and it is through our own actions, as parents and adults, that we can look for the most helpful and effective form of instruction.

Louisa Kay

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The Little Red Cap

(*Continued from page 12*)

he plunged in and swam quickly towards her.

"My leg," she cried. "It's the cramp."

He towed her out and then on the rock he massaged the cramped muscle until it was better.

It was only then he had misgivings about it all. Her predicament had seemed genuine enough, and her pain as he had massaged her leg was genuine enough so it seemed, but doubt crept into his thoughts.

"But you shouldn't swim alone if you get the cramp."

"I've never had it before," answered Clare.

"Then why——?"

"I'd been in too long before you came."

"Why?"

She blushed and her reply was ingenuous. "I was hoping you would come down to swim. I was waiting for you. Two are much better fun than one."

Nothing if not frank, thought Dennis.

When he arrived back at his grandmother's cottage he had to explain his wet trousers and shirt.

"So she had the cramp," said his grandmother. "Trust a Brannigan to think of that."

"You don't think she really had a cramp?" Dennis wanted his own suspicions confirmed.

"I wouldn't say that, but a girl will get anything that puts a young man's arms round her sooner or later. Ye'll remember the tale I told you. If the young man did not respond to the red cap, trouble in the water was the next move."

"It'll take more than a legend to shake me," laughed Dennis.

"I don't doubt it," said his grandmother dryly. "It took me more than that to get your grandfather to the point of wedding me. I've asked your Cousin Deirdre to come and stay with us. That'll weaken the brew. If ye have two to entertain you ye'll be less likely to be embarrassed by one."

Then she winked at him and Dennis winked back. The old lady seemed to understand him. She told much the same thing to the postman that afternoon, the postman being Clare Brannigan, but she told it in a different way.

"Well, Clare, ye were in trouble yesterday?"

"Dennis dived in and saved my life."

"I'll bet that annoyed your father, a Brannigan being saved by a Mackail."

"Not at all." Clare laughed. "He said it was about time the Mackails did something useful provided—" Clare laughed again, "provided, he said, they didn't begin to get above themselves with ideas——"

"So he said that, did he?" The old lady looked at Clare with shrewd eyes. "Well, tell him we're keeping the good things in the family." She opened the letter Clare had brought. "This is from the County Down Mackails. Deirdre is coming to stay with me for a few weeks."

Clare blushed. This seemed like a direct hint, but the old lady laid a hand on her arm. "I'm very fond of you and your red cap, Clare. But ye've seen nothing of the world and I'd hate to have you falling in love with Dennis just because he's the only boy round these parts."

"I love you, too, Mrs. Mackail, but I'd hate to have you thinking a Brannigan gives her heart away for silly reasons like that. I was telling my grandfather about my red cap and he said the whole tale grew up because the Mackail women always ran after their men and had to put a good face on it."

Then she laughed, clapped her red cap on her dark curls and was off on her bicycle, leaving the old lady chuckling in her garden.

"The devil he did," said she. "Wait till I meet that old gossoon in the village."

CLARE rode away to the village and laughed so much and so long that she had to get off her bicycle at the crossroads and sit on the grassy bank. It was there Dennis, walking back to tea, saw her lying back chewing a stalk of grass and laughing to herself.

He sat beside her. "What's the joke now?" he asked.

She sat up quickly still laughing. "It's on you this time. Your grandmother has sent for your Cousin Deirdre to save you from my wicked designs."

"Cousin Deirdre?"

Clare burst out laughing. "Grandfather says she's the only intelligent Mackail there ever was and she looks it. You're going to have a very interesting time."

Dennis stared at the grass and spoke slowly. "I like people," he said. "I like lots of people and I like one person in particular. In fact, I like everything about her except when she laughs at me."

Clare stopped laughing. "I like people, too. I love old grandmother Mackail and I like her grandson, but I don't like men whose hearts have to have a chain and ball put on them in case they run away."

"That's a lie," said Dennis quite calmly. "And I don't like these Irish fairy tales that say girls chase after the men and they don't go with this idea that girls in these parts can't be kissed. In fact, that's one story I'm going to bust right now."

To his surprise Clare jumped up to run to her bicycle, but his hand shot out and caught her skirt and pulled her tumbling down right on his knee. In the same movement his arm went round her and he swung her round and kissed her full on the mouth. She gasped and fought her way out of his arms, and, blushing furiously, she ran to her bicycle and rode off without turning her head.

"That'll settle things," he said aloud to a world full of sunlight and heat.

It didn't, however. It unsettled everything instead. The postman delivered the mail and rode off again without so much as a word. Dennis announced that he was leaving on the day Deirdre would arrive.

"A fine thing," said his grandmother. "Ye are more and more like your grandfather every day. He'd go into a sulk and then he'd run away from the facts as hard as he could."

"I don't run away," said Dennis.

"Then what are ye doing? It's as plain as the nose on your face that you and Clare Brannigan have had a quarrel——"

"We haven't."

"Then it's worse. Ye've fallen in love as I feared ye would."

"I haven't."

"Ye shouldn't have kissed her. If you put a match to tinder ye've no right to squawk if ye get burnt."

Dennis knew well enough he was burnt. He could still feel the dewy freshness of that stolen kiss before she had snatched herself away, and he was irked by an uncertain feeling that before she had jumped away she had given something in that kiss in spite of herself and something he could not forget.

"How did you know I'd kissed her?"

"Because I've lived seventy years and I know a barn door when I see one. Thank goodness I thought of your Cousin Deirdre before it's too late."

"To hell with Cousin Deirdre."

"Just like your grandfather. Not in my house a week before ye start to turn it upside down with your goings on. Aye, dearie me, ye make me feel like a young girl again, bless your stubborn, selfish, pig-headed self."

Everybody in the village knew within an hour that she sent Deirdre a telegram asking her to postpone her visit until the late summer and Clare knew by the next day that Deirdre had replied saying that she wouldn't come anyway, because Clare delivered the telegram to old Mrs. Mackail.

But she didn't get away as easily this time.

"What have you been doing to my grandson?" asked the old lady without beating around the bush.

"Nothing," said Clare, equally brusquely. "And what makes you flatter him by thinking I'd even be thinking of it?"

"Me own two eyes and that red cap of yours. I suspected it (*Continued on page 52*)

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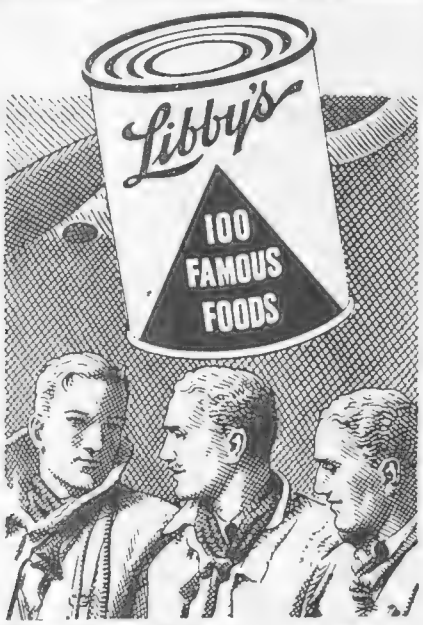

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from the very beginning and ye can't say I didn't do my best to save you from your own foolishness. But with him it's different. He's been like a bear with a sore head moping around the place ever since that day you kissed him——"

This took Clare so much by surprise that a blush deepened the colour of her cheeks. "Did he say I did that?"

"He didn't say anything. That's the trouble. Ye had no business to let him do it. It's been burning up in him like a smouldering peat fire ever since and it's the very devil of a time I'm having trying to put it out—you and your fooling with your mermaid tricks."

Clare's mouth was open with surprise at this tirade and then suddenly she smiled. "You're forgetting it's bad luck not to be kind to the sea fairies."

"It's bad luck I've got right now with him moping around the place. If ye'd do me a favour I'd be grateful to ye and I'll give you a chance to get your own back on him for stealing that kiss if he did steal it. Be down in the bay swimming this afternoon and leave your red cap on the rock. I'll pack him down there to wash the badness out of him and ye can then tell him for my sake and his own that the Brannigans have no use for a Mackail. It'll teach him a lesson, too!"

"I'll be there," said Clare aloud as she rode away, but she was thinking it would be for quite different reasons than old grandmother Mackail had suggested. She could not help feeling a tingle of gratification that her revenge for that stolen kiss had come from his own heart.

When she arrived at the bay that afternoon she saw he was already there, lying on the rocks in the sun, a tanned figure smooth-skinned and well-muscled in his bathing trunks. She jumped from her bicycle, her preconceived ideas about the meeting suddenly disturbed. In a moment of panic she turned to ride away again, but he had caught the flash of her red cap and called to her. Reluctantly, she hesitated. The swimming would be perfect and she was hot from her ride. Anyway, she thought, it was her bay and she had a right to swim there if she wanted whoever else was there. She leaned her bicycle against a rock, slipped off the dress that was over her swimming suit and ran down to the rocky ledge. Without waiting to speak to him she plunged off into the swaying water and swam out into the bay. She knew a cleft in the low cliffs which hid a small sandy cove that caught the full heat of the afternoon sun and, swimming strongly, she turned to the sandy cove. She walked out and lay on the sand feeling the heat from the sand under her and the full sun beating down on her. She had avoided an encounter which would have been full of embarrassment and she wished somehow everything had been different because she didn't know what to do now. Nothing had gone quite right, all because of grandmother Mackail saying things. If only they could have been lying together on this sand! He would never find the trick entrance to this cove because of the ledge of rock that shielded the view from a swimmer.

That was where she was wrong because Dennis sitting up and watching her swim away had pin-pointed in his mind, with his service experience, the spot where she had

The Little Red Cap

disappeared. As he walked out of the water to the dry sand she sat up, her eyes caught by the sudden flash of her red cap on his brown hair.

"My hat!" she cried. "My precious hat!"

He smiled and threw himself down on the hot sand by her side. In the warm sunlight they made a good pair.

"I'm sorry to follow you like this," he said, "but I wanted to apologize for doing what I did the other day."

"It was my fault, I shouldn't have laughed at you about your cousin." She felt nothing was going the way she intended. "But my hat is a different matter. My brother sent it to me."

Dennis looked down at her mass of blue-black hair, the faint spray of freckles on the creamy skin and the deep blue eyes that were such an odd contrast to the hair.

"My grandmother is a fool," he said.

Clare sat up. "Did she say something about me?"

"I think she tried to put me off," said Dennis, staring down at the faint blush that crossed her cheeks.

"She said something about you, too," said Clare slowly. "But I remember your grandfather. You're not a bit like him."

Dennis held the red cap in his hand. "I'm leaving to-morrow. If you would give me this I'll send you a new one from Canada." He stared at the cap. "I like the story of the sea fairies. I like that part where it says their sons and daughters are more beautiful and brighter than ordinary children."

"I love that story, too. That's why I like my red cap."

"And if you give it to me it will protect me wherever I go. That story says that."

"I'm going to keep it for the man I want to marry."

He smiled. "I'd love to see grandmother's face when we tell her."

She smiled. "So would I."

Then as if each one knew that they had both been fencing with fate and trying to avoid a knowledge so big that they were afraid to admit it, their eyes met and said things that words were too clumsy to express.

He bent to kiss her and this time she lay still as his lips sank into hers and stayed while her hands reached up to touch his hair and his cheeks.

When at last they went through the garden gate, they were holding hands and Dennis was wearing the red cap. Grandmother Mackail was just having tea and there were three cups as though she was expecting the two of them. She didn't look up as they stood in front of her waiting for her comment.

"Just in time for tea," she said dryly. Then as she looked up at last and caught the slightly surprised exchange of glances between them at her attitude, her wrinkled face broke into a smile. "Sit you down," she said. "I knew it already."

Clare sat down and spoke to Dennis. "It's the Mackail strain coming out. She's a deceitful, double-crossing old lady."

Grandmother Mackail chuckled. "I know both the Brannigans and the Mackails. Ye'd never have got together unless I'd done my best to keep you apart."

END

The British Colonial Empire

(*Continued from page* 13)

had to argue with at that time) has come true. The moral rebirth of Great Britain during this war has given her a power in this world that cannot be confined to the size of her armed forces. Every Briton feels that. And now—when the Briton looks at what might be made of a post-war Africa—this moral renaissance has given him not only a new-found strength—but new ideas.

He has regained, in this process, something of his former ideas about Africa. Something of the spirit of the young men who went out with Milner to Capetown. They had a great vision, those brilliant young men, of what England might do in Africa—especially below the Equator. And it was they who largely set the moral tone for the treatment of the black man by the white man. They, and the great Lord Lugard, who died only the other day, whose Indirect Rule, which he started in Nigeria, is now the world's best example of what intelligent British rule in Africa could really be made to be. Eventually, such a rule leads inevitably to an equal partnership between black man and white man. And I am speaking now solely of the Briton.

I have seen your Empire in many parts of the world. And I am prepared to say this—no coloured race ever had a more gentle, well-intentioned and (*Continued on page* 54)

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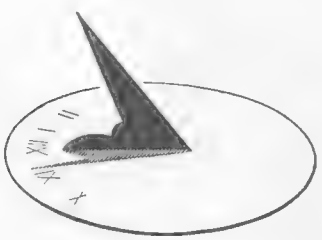

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good-tempered master. It is the men who have borne "the heat of the day," who have played a gallant and conspicuous part in the making of Empire, who appreciate Empire most. That is quite natural, of course. But it is not quite natural for the average Englishman to know so appallingly little about British Africa and the rest of the non-self-governing colonies. Worse, you not only did not know about your Colonial Empire, *you didn't care.* A student can get a Double First in History at Oxford or Cambridge—without reading *one word* of British Colonial History! That's a fact.

What a shocking way to regard your responsibilities. Because responsibilities they most certainly are. You go to British Africa to-day and talk with some of the tired, underpaid officials you will find there in the British Colonial Service. How bitterly they will tell you they regret this lack of interest back home! That's how I got the title for my book on Africa. I simply could not think of a suitable title, until one night in Southern Tanganyika, a man (he happened to be an elephant-hunter) said, with great disgust: "At home, they neither know nor care about what is happening to us down here . . . down here, in Africa . . . *behind God's back.*"

And there it was—a title already set up in print. The German edition of that book (published last May in Zurich) is: *Der Gottverlassene Kontinent.* Roughly: The God-forsaken Continent. They have a poor sense of humour, the Germans. But even so, they almost had the right idea. But the chief defaulter in forsaking Africa is the good old British public. Once the Boer War was over they seem to have forgotten all about it.

IT has been widely accepted that Empire is drawing to its close. I am not so sure that this trend of thought will not be reversed. From what I have seen of the British in Africa I think that a genuine partnership between them and the black man would be the best thing that could happen for the black man. It would be infinitely more helpful in advancing the black man than any dehumanized body, such as the international trusteeship which has just been proposed.

The Africans in, let us say, Tanganyika were just beginning to know the Englishman. You only took over the Mandate after the 1919 Paris Peace Conference. Africans tend to look at white men—just as a *white man.* They see very little difference between an Englishman, a German, a Frenchman, a Belgian. That is, at first. So long as he is a good master, that is quite enough for them. And, if he is a very good man, the African *askari* will follow his officer to the death. Smiling to the very end. They are really grand chaps.

But for peace-time life, for the administration of a province and its people, it is essential that the natives *should* begin to see the differences between Europeans. They should learn that on the whole the British Colonial Office official is a man picked for his virtues as well as his capabilities—that they can trust him; that, if they have complaints—such as against a white trader or a bad master—they can come to him and speak frankly. Without any fear. When they come to see and believe these things, then you are getting somewhere with them. Tanganyika was at that stage when this war broke out. And if Britain *takes* Tanganyika, and brushes aside any Mandate nonsense, I think a real partnership could be started there.

Uganda, ruled under its own Kabaka and tribal chiefs, is a perfect laboratory for colonial students. When I left it it was with the conviction that it was the most "African" country in Africa. The Gold Coast, I should say, would come next. Kenya last. But Kenya is a colony.

It may sound reactionary, but I think the British have a legitimate right to stay in Kenya. The *real* Kenya settler loves Kenya itself with almost a touching devotion. The only Kenya that, unfortunately, the British public knows is the Nairobi of the ne'er-do-wells . . . the shootings . . . the sex scandals. But that's no more the real Kenya than the dizzy people in Mayfair are England. The real Kenya-ite may have his gin-and-it occasionally in a Nairobi hotel. But for the rest of the time he is working like a dog to make his plantation pay. And the Kenya Farmers' Association is one of the best organized, hard-working, practical business organizations in all Africa. The Cape not excluded.

END

The British Colonial Empire

The Most Illustrated English Novel

(*Continued from page 23*)

That ill-fated contemporary of Berwick, Clennel, drew two designs for an edition of 1812, the one included here showing the Vicar presenting the worthless cheque to Farmer Flamborough. About the time of Waterloo, Messrs. Whittingham's published an edition (the first of many re-issues) which had tiny designs used as headings to each of the thirty-two chapters, an idea taken up later by other firms. Two years later (1817) that great English genius, Thomas Rowlandson, who worked much for the Ackermans, illustrated an edition in coloured aquatint. In spite of his love for an over-generous curve and a tendency towards coarseness, Rowlandson remains a brilliant delineator of his times. Here he is contrasted with Cruickshank (who illustrated an edition in 1832), and who, in a different way, was also a master.

In 1843, William Mulready (known because of the "Mulready" envelope) prepared some thirty-two designs for Van Voorst. The edition thus produced was one of the most popular ever published. Several of the artist's drawings subsequently appeared as pictures—that of "Choosing the Wedding Gown" being an especial favourite with the public. The 1860's were famous for the revival of wood-engraving—although the craftsmen now worked in facsimile instead of, like Berwick, in "white line"—and amongst the artists whose contributions to the "Vicar" were reproduced in this way should be mentioned Absolon, Thomas, Gilbert, Pinwell and Anelay. Both Lydon and Kronheim illustrated the "Vicar" by a most lurid "oil-colour" process, and in 1883, Randolph Caldecott drew an admirable frontisplece for an edition published in that year. Hugh Thomson, that most lovable and charming master of "period" work, did the pictorial work for an edition in Macmillan's "Cranford" series in 1890—a series whose decorative olive-green covers are as well known as they are treasured.

Thomson's contemporaries, the brothers C. E. and H. M. Brock, both did excellent studies of the "Primrose" family, making the work more attractive by the addition of delicate colour. That clever artist, E. J. Sullivan, illustrated a portly quarto for Messrs. Constable in 1914 (and later re-issued), in which both colour and black-and-white are skilfully compounded. Of all the recent editions, however, the one which stands out above the rest, is that of Arthur Rackham, who, in 1929, did some most charming colour work for Messrs. Harrap.

Since the number of artists who have contributed to the decoration of the "Vicar" must total between two and three hundred, it is obvious that only a few of the most outstanding ones have been mentioned. Foreign issues—many printed in English, or occasionally polyglot—are chiefly remarkable for the amusing views taken of English life. Our native idioms, too, are often completely misunderstood.

Without any intention of being insular, however, it is a consoling thought that such a typical English classic has only received really sympathetic and understanding treatment at the hands of artists born and bred in this country.

END

How to order enlargements

When ordering an enlargement from a snap you can often get a much better result if you only have part of the picture enlarged. In this way you can improve composition and exclude distracting objects (see diagram). Don't cut the negative—just show your dealer the part you want enlarged.

By the way—When snapping a person do not stand too near or too far away from the subject. With most simple cameras the best distance is about 10 feet. If you have a portrait lens or attachment, or a focussing camera, you may go nearer according to instructions.

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What is wrong with this picture?

A happy holiday scene—but just look at the mistakes! To start with, the Union Jack is upside down and the deckchair has no back support. Next, those sandpies, they couldn't possibly be made with such a small bucket. Strange footprints aren't they for a child's bare feet? And isn't the sun playing tricks with the shadows? That's not all. What are Caley, FORTUNE Chocolates doing here? They're not being made now—and won't be until Caleys have a factory of their own again. Meanwhile good friends in the Trade are making Blended Chocolate Blocks for Caley.

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"O Rare For Antony"

(*Continued from page 29*)

The overwrought groom sank with horror into a chair and waved his hands helplessly.

"Perhaps Mrs. Henry Wood could handle Brigham Young better," went on Trollope blandly. "I knocked at his door in Utah. He opened it himself."

"See any of his wives?" gasped the groom.

"Never asked me in," said Trollope ruefully. "He told me on his doorstep that I was a miner. I insisted I was a writer. 'No,' said Brigham, 'you're a miner.'"

The gaping groom could only stare at his master impotently.

"Then," continued Trollope, "when I was in Florence seeing my mother I met a man who asked me where he could see the 'Medical Venus in the You Fizzy.' He meant a famous picture called the 'Medici Venus' in the Uffizzi art gallery."

"Venus, sir, Venus," groaned the groom. "Mr. Trollope. I implore you not to write about that woman. I've heard things."

"There, there, John, I was pulling your leg," smiled Trollope, taking out his watch and laying it on the table. "Look! Six o'clock. Every morning for the next three months from half-past five till half-past eight I shall write two hundred and fifty words every quarter of an hour. I am beginning a new book called *Doctor Thorne* and I shall keep on and on until it is finished. So long as that watch ticks, I write; I'm wound up for the job. I shall do ten pages before breakfast this morning. That's how I work."

"Remember the proprieties, sir, won't you?"

"I'll be careful, John. What is a lot better than knowing how to write a book?"

"Can't say, sir."

"How to sell one. Ho! Ho! Ho! Away with you to your stable, John, and let the galley slave get down to his oars in real earnest."

BEFORE Anthony Trollope had written many chapters of *Doctor Thorne* he was ordered from Dublin to Egypt. While going through London he thought he might as well try to get a publisher interested and interviewed Mr. Bentley.

"I want four hundred pounds for this unfinished novel, *Doctor Thorne*," said Trollope cheerfully. "You'll have it in three months."

After some discussion Bentley agreed. But when Trollope had gone, the publisher changed his mind, ran after him, and offered three hundred. The novelist was furious, left Bentley abruptly, and charged across the street in a temper to Edward Chapman in Piccadilly as he had only an hour to catch his boat.

"Look here, Chapman," began Trollope, "my name is Anthony Trollope. I'm writing a novel. Give me four hundred pounds for it. Will you please sign now or will you argue? I'm rather in a hurry as I'm going to Egypt in an hour."

Chapman had nervously grabbed a poker when the tempestuous author barged into his office. He was determined to die bravely. He eyed him balefully as if he was a gangster and waved the poker in front of him like a flaming sword.

"Suppose I'll have to sign something, Mr. Trollope," sighed Chapman feebly.

"It's a sale, then," boomed Trollope.

"It's a sale."

Trollope told a friend afterwards: "I remember that Chapman held the poker in his hand all the time I was with him, but in truth, even though he had declined to buy the book, he was in no danger."

WHEN he was sixty-seven years of age Trollope re-visited Ireland to get fresh material for a new book. He had written sixty novels. Chapman had published thirty of them and they had been immensely popular, netting him £70,000.

He found the post office at Donnybrook greatly changed; nobody knew him in Ireland.

The postmaster was a long-jawed Irishman with a pale, querulous face and a ginger moustache. He had chosen the job because it gave him unlimited opportunities to talk about Irish politics in their infinite variety over his counter while selling stamps.

"There used to be a man called Trollope who was a surveyor in the Irish post office," he said to the postmaster. "Ever heard of him? He wrote novels, I believe."

"To be sure oi've heard av him," cried the postmaster, "he was a great man."

"His books were well read, I think."

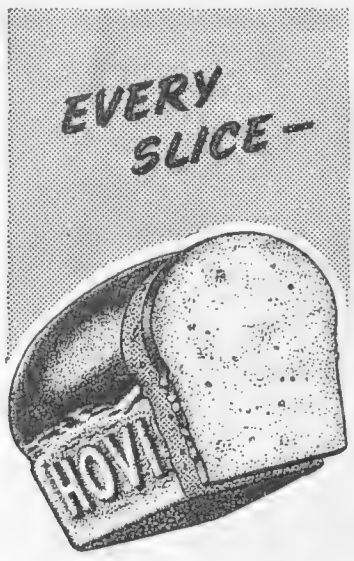
"Books?" echoed the postmaster. "Manaloive, oi've never read a book in me loife be Trollope or any other Englishman, an' never will."

"Then," hazarded Trollope, "how did you know he was a great man?"

"How do oi know? Shure, wasn't he the boyo that invented the pillar-box."

Trollope, ever a wise man, left it at that.

END



is always nice

HOVIS

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT

Macclesfield

Flowers for Decoration

(*Continued from page 42*)

the conventional floral banalities to which we have become accustomed, if not resigned.

England, a flower-loving country if ever there were one, has had recurrent vogues for flowers as a decorative motif—and is evidently due for another now. It was significant that a famous dress fabric firm, noted during the war for its scarves printed with regimental emblems, wartime slogans, and warlike insignia, should announce a new series of flowered designs the moment that European peace was declared.

Flower designs of to-day show a tendency to be more stylized than those typical of the fabrics and wallpapers of yesteryear.

The type of pattern which used to be "set" and monotonous in its too obviously repetitive effect, becomes more fluid altogether. Flowers are treated in a romantic, rather than a photographic, manner; colour is clear and fresh and avoids stereotyped combinations. The accent is on colour, in fact; an expected reaction from years of doing without it. And artistic inventiveness, released into natural channels, flows freely and creatively . . . as well as derivatively.

What, in this respect, do we wish to retain from the past? Formal flower-groups and compositions of the eighteenth century, both English and French, can hardly be bettered as an inspiration. Early Victorian sprigged flower patterns, fresh as a garden; the clarity and fine line drawing of nineteenth-century botanical prints; Georgian embroideries (the flowered ivory satin waistcoat, the garlanded lilac taffeta petticoat); some of those Morris wallpapers, delicate convolutions of flowers and leaves . . . these are all admirable.

We could happily dispense with a return, should it be threatened, of Edwardian-inspired fashions in floral wallpaper, a tangle of pink cabbage roses and peonies on a black lattice, topped by a frieze of yet more roses; with those dun-coloured cretonnes asprawl with non-committal flowers in dunner shades still ("They won't show the dirt") which have been so popular because so accessible—no new, equally cheap but well-designed alternative having been offered; calendars and tea cosies bearing representations of Ann Hathaway's garden; modernist, yellow and orange flower designs, the like of which were never seen on land or sea, relics of the "jazz age"; the dust-trapping, late-Victorian craze for pampas, immortelles, and honesty, rattling in a papery fashion before every breeze; and that synthetic floral exuberance, vulgar without being funny, seen in some of our West End picture houses before the war.

In view, however, of present trends, there is no doubt but that we shall be able to welcome the new flower-patterned fabrics for our frocks, for our furnishings, into our houses and our lives.

Just look at those two

Up to mischief, of course. But how proud their parents must be of them. And what a good thing it is that these fine specimens of the coming generation — thanks to COW & GATE — are as happy and sturdy as if there had never been a war at all!

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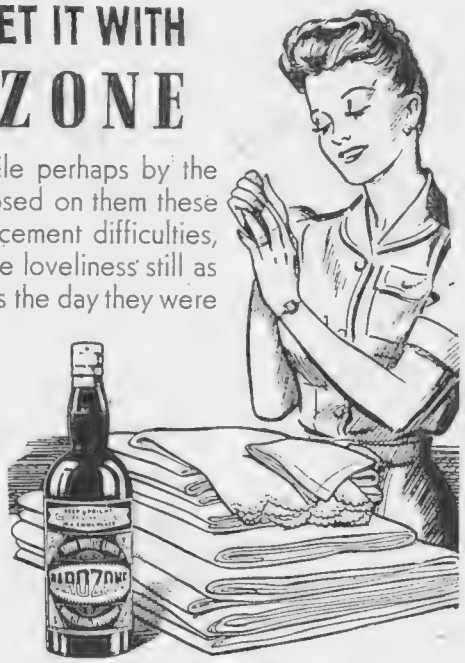

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So You Want To Start A Business?

(*Continued from page* 15)

night-club king of the last war and first post-war era, launched himself with thirty shillings and a bluff. He bought a night-club whose owner wanted to sell, £100 down and £900 to come. The vendor didn't know that the buyer hadn't £100. But May was relying on the liquor stock. He hastily found a buyer for that liquor, collected £100 on account, returned and made his down payment, then made a deal with the buyer of the liquor to leave it in the club and take his money as the stuff was sold. The club under May's direction was a great success. He wisely sold before the club had overstayed its welcome (night-clubs never endure). May knew what he was doing better than the ex-R.A.F. officer I knew who went into the same line of business with £1,700 and a lady friend, and lost his money and the friend, too.

Businesses, good businesses, are always getting started in odd ways. I ran across one the other day. Doctors frequently want a patient's blood tested. A delicate business in which a slight slip, attention straying fractionally during the cycle of processes, may give a wrong result. One doctor with a specialized practice made his own blood tests. He became known for this among his professional brethren, who began to ask him to do theirs. In the end, he set up a blood-testing clinic. At twenty-five shillings a blood-test, it's a very nice, small, profitable commercial enterprise.

How do men succeed in business? A confidence-inspiring personality sometimes helps. The late Harry Preston, who had used all his slender resources rebuilding and equipping the old Royal York Hotel at Brighton, ran into rainy seasons, a slump, and a bank overdraft. When the latter reached £3,000 Harry's bank manager summoned him, and they had a row. Harry walked out and across the road to another bank. He told the manager, a stranger to him, that he wanted to transfer his account. "But," he added, "I want £3,000, and I want it now."

The bank manager looked at him. "Any security?" he asked softly.

"No."

The manager asked him to call again in three hours. In that time he doubtless made an inquiry or two about this enterprising newcomer. When Harry returned, the manager handed him the bank's cheque for £3,000. The other manager's face when he saw it was a picture. As between those two managers, the one who backed Harry Preston showed better business judgment than the one who got alarmed and angry as the overdraft lengthened.

Some men do better in established businesses than they would do launching and trying to build up their own enterprise. Many of the top-flight men the public regard as big-business moguls really are managers and administrators who have everything except what it takes to make a business of their own. Lord McGowan, of Imperial Chemical Industries, and Lord Geddes, chairman of Rio Tinto and Rhokana Copper Corporation, are examples. They are salaried men.

Some of these men are obviously quite unfitted for the rough-and-tumble of business-building from the ground up. The late Lord Horne, who earned £20,000 a year in salaries and director's fees, was a lecturer and examiner in philosophy and subsequently a lawyer and politician. Lord Geddes was a professor of anatomy and a university principal until he was forty. At an age when Lord Nuffield was starting in business for himself, Lord Woolton—head of a great department store before he became Food Minister—was a research worker in economics at Liverpool University. Young Harry McGowan started as a wage-earner in Nobel Industries and worked his way up.

The tailpiece of this story is brief. It is that owning one's own business is not always what it is cracked up to be. And a man who lacks that complex mechanism known as "a business head" is better off in a job. Sailing his own barque on the perilous business seas, he may dream of El Dorado beyond the horizon, but the odds against his reaching it are so astronomical that I have no room here for all the noughts.

END

Code Girl

(*Continued from page* 19)

adjoining room. He flicked the soft felt thus a second time, so that it fell in that room. Again he looked at her.

She said nothing. She was calm, but her mind raced. She saw his purpose, she realized her own position. D'Arzac had killed his wife, and was making a desperate play to shift the guilt to her, Lois.

Her mind seemed wrapt away from him now—armoured against him, as it armoured itself against the importunities of attachés and secretaries, creating from long practice in concentration a stillness of its own in the midst of tumult, to unravel the intricacies of mutilated code groups. This was "the heat" as the Embassy never had imposed it. She knew that she dared not miss a trick. It was her wits against those of this feline, desperate man, and the loser faced a murder charge.

Her neat mind separated the components of the situation as precisely as the groups of a code. She glanced at the coat and hat lying on the chair. He must have flung them there when he first came in—thrown them there on his way to his wife's room. The way they lay suggested haste—perhaps anger. Lois's grey eyes rested on him. A jealous man? He looked the type. He had perhaps received some information to bring him home with his jealousy inflamed—so that, going direct to Gabrielle's room, he had hurled accusations at her, in the end had struck her.

If he believed himself to have entered the house without being seen, his first thought, when he realized his wife was dead, would have been to get out as he had entered—unseen. It was the first move necessary to the creation of an alibi. So, he had opened the door of the apartment to make sure the coast was clear—and she, Lois, had been there to shatter the alibi at its initiation. For if she could prove that she had never seen him before to-night, no alibi could have withstood her precise description of him, and flight would have been a confession of guilt.

So, with his mind desperately preoccupied with the need to turn the catastrophe of her arrival into some sort of defence, he had asked her in. And now, into the picture forming in her mind, the pretext of the champagne neatly fitted. He had not gone down to fetch a bottle of champagne; he had gone down so that, putting on hat and overcoat, he could present himself with some trumped-up inquiry to the concierge, as though just arrived from the street.

D'Arzac lighted a cigarette. He was watching her warily.

Looking at him, Lois had the feeling that her silence, the absence in her of hysteria, worried him. He had not bargained for it. He had counted on bewilderment, on tears, on terror—on an emotional reaction, not an intellectual one. He could not know that the very profession of the girl he sought to trap was the unravelling, under pressure, of intricate problems. He did not understand her calm; and if he feared it, she reasoned, this could only be because, however good the story he planned to tell, he knew there must exist—apparent to her, and her only, if she saw with clear eyes—some *demonstrable* flaw.

She began to seek it—looking carefully, meticulously, around the room, re-examining re-appraising — as systematically as, every day of her life, she sought the inversions and misplacements which led to mutilated code groups.

(*Continued on page* 61)

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Abruptly, there rose to the silent apartment the squeal of brakes harshly applied.

"The police!" D'Arzac said.

He crushed out his cigarette in an ashtray on the piano, strode into the hall to open the outer door.

ALMOST at once, the room seemed full of men. They looked at Lois, but did not speak to her. Several of them went into the adjoining room, where the dead girl lay. D'Arzac, after indicating the cream doors, was told to remain in the lounge. A cloaked gendarme stood between the glass doors leading to the hall, another stood in the hall.

A sense of panic leaped in Lois for a second, with the feeling that, if once she were taken from this room, the flaw she sought —the mutilation in D'Arzac's story—might remain forever concealed.

She exerted her will against panic. Her eyes returned to the one point of disorder in the room—the coat and hat thrown on to the chair. The reason he hadn't taken this particular coat and hat when he went "for champagne" was obvious: he couldn't have taken them without her seeing him, and he had not wanted her to see him take a coat and hat at all.

No, she thought, there was no help there.

The cream doors opened. A short, stoutish man, dressed in a black coat and striped trousers, re-entered the room. He closed the doors behind him. He had a pink face, a pink scalp sparsely streaked with hair. He looked intently at Lois for a moment, then turned to D'Arzac.

"The deceased is your wife?"

"Yes."

"What do you know about this?"

"Only that when I came in and called my wife's name," D'Arzac said, his voice strained, "I saw this lady standing almost where she is now. She seemed dazed, yet there was a look in her face that . . . I was alarmed for my wife. I seemed to sense . . . The doors of her room were open. I went in and—I found her lying as she is now."

"And then?"

"I put a hand to her heart. She was dead," D'Arzac said. He moistened his dry lips. "My wife is—violently jealous—hysterical. Her accusations at times—I will not say they were always ill-founded, but in this case, if she suspected this lady and myself to be known to each other, if she made wild accusations, precipitated in her hysteria the momentary tussle that—that . . ." He broke off, with a catch of the breath. "It is a tragic mistake. I have never set eyes on this lady before. I do not even know why she came to see my wife!"

So that, Lois thought, was his story. She studied him. He was acting, lying, with the brilliance of desperation. She felt almost a respect for the opportunism with which he had suggested to the detective's mind—the mind of a Frenchman, traditionally receptive to the idea of feminine jealousy—a motive for the alleged quarrel.

She felt the detective looking at her. It was at her hair that he looked—at its disarray, as though from a struggle. That, too, D'Arzac had contrived, very ingeniously.

The detective said to D'Arzac, "You touched nothing in the room there?"

"I put a hand to my wife's heart, as I have said," D'Arzac replied. "I disturbed nothing."

Again, the detective glanced at Lois; and as surely as if he had spoken of it, she knew that he was thinking of the tan felt hat with the jay's feather in the band lying beside the dead girl—as though fallen there in a struggle.

She felt the web of lies winding about her with a cobweb, nightmare implacability; but her mind pursued, as stubbornly as though it were the touchstone of a mutilated message which she sought, in the Codes Room of the Embassy at midnight, the "snag" in D'Arzac's story.

The detective said, "At what time did you enter the apartment, monsieur?"

D'Arzac glanced at his watch. "About a quarter after nine, I think. I cannot be exact. The concierge, perhaps——"

The detective glanced across at the gendarme near the glass door. "Send for the concierge."

He turned, then, to Lois. Her name? Her address? Her business in Paris? Her purpose in visiting the D'Arzac apartment?

She answered the questions quietly, truthfully.

"At what time did you enter the apartment?"

"I don't know," Lois said honestly; "I didn't notice."

"What do you know of this affair?"

Lois told him precisely what had happened. As she came to the incident of the hat, the contrived disarray of her hair, D'Arzac moved sharply, his expression one of utter stupefaction. The detective stilled him with a gesture.

The detective looked at Lois. His scrutiny was searching. She knew that he did not believe her. She realized that the very silence and watchfulness she had preserved was against her now—that it suggested she had been preparing her story, manipulating it to fit the revealed circumstances.

The outer door opened and closed. A gendarme ushered an elderly woman in a black dress into the lounge.

"Ah, madame," the detective said. "A little question or so. You can perhaps tell us at what time Monsieur D'Arzac came in?"

"But precisely, monsieur. He called me up from my kitchen to the lodge to ask if there were any letters for him. It was then ten minutes after nine."

The detective nodded. "Now, as to Madam D'Arzac—you can tell us if she has been in her apartment all evening?"

"That I cannot say, monsieur. The tenants come and go, they receive visitors"—the concierge shrugged—"if they do not call me to my lodge, it is chance if I happen to notice. As in the case," she added, with a glance at Lois, "of this lady."

The detective said sharply, "You saw this lady arrive?"

"It was by chance," the woman said nervously. "I was mounting the stairs from my kitchen to the lodge—I had need of a work-basket which was on my table—when I saw this lady crossing the hall to the stairs."

"At what time was this?"

"It would be about ten or fifteen minutes before nine."

"*Merci*, madame," the detective said suavely. "For the present, that will be all."

D'Arzac looked down at the carpet, but not before Lois had seen the flare of triumph in his eyes. If the fact that she had been seen by the concierge had come to Lois as a shock, it was a slice of sheer luck for D'Arzac. It did not prove his story, but it had strongly the effect of corroborating it

That the detective saw it so, his tone betrayed as he said curtly, "Mademoiselle, it will be necessary for you to accompany us."

It was the moment Lois had been dreading. She felt profoundly that, if she left this room with the "snag" in D'Arzac's story undiscovered, her chance was gone, she never would break through the web of falsehood in which he had enmeshed her.

She hesitated—seeking desperately in her mind for some pretext to keep them all here just a little longer. Even so, working away furiously at a "snag" in an Embassy message, with people jittering over her shoulder, "Let it go! The chief'll have to guess at it," she sought pretexts to delay them for a few precious seconds.

"You also, monsieur," the detective said to D'Arzac.

The glib man did not hesitate. He humbly inclined his head, and with the alacrity of a man who knew his sole peril lay in that room, he picked up the overcoat and hat which lay on the deep chair.

And Lois's voice broke from her suddenly, breathlessly, "Wait! *Wait!*"

HER heart beat violently. Her eyes were fixed on D'Arzac. He stood rigid, the coat across his arm, the hat in his hand.

Lois felt the warmth in her cheeks. "Monsieur," she said to the detective, "I beg of you—will you for a moment call back the concierge?"

The detective (*Continued on page* 62)

"PLEASE, WHEN CAN WE HAVE
CHIVERS JELLIES?"
We'd like to say "now" because hundreds of letters tell us how much CHIVERS JELLIES are being missed by children. When we are allowed to make them again we'll let you know—and then parties will become *real* parties once more.
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looked at her steadily, then nodded to the gendarme.

Waiting, there grew in Lois that sense of excitement, of penetration, she often had experienced when, at last, a mutilated code group began to yield to reason.

The concierge re-entered the room.

Lois said, "Madame, we want you to tell us something: Are the coat and hat which Monsieur D'Arzac is holding the same coat and hat which he had when he came into your lodge at ten minutes after nine to-night?"

The concierge glanced at D'Arzac, shook her head.

Lois said, speaking carefully to keep the breathlessness from her voice, "There is a coat closet in the hall there. Would you mind bringing here the coat and hat which Monsieur D'Arzac had when he came into your lodge?"

The woman went into the hall. Lois did not look at D'Arzac. She did not look at the detective. There was not a sound in the apartment. After a moment, the concierge returned with an overcoat and hat.

Lois said, "Those are the ones Monsieur D'Arzac had when he came into your lodge?"

"Yes, mademoiselle."

Lois looked at D'Arzac. "That coat and hat you are holding, monsieur—when did you put them on the chair there?"

"At luncheon," D'Arzac said.

"And you wore this other coat and hat this afternoon?" Lois asked.

D'Arzac hesitated, but the detective looked at him with sudden suspicion. "Yes," D'Arzac said.

Lois turned to the detective. "Believe it or not, monsieur," she said, "Monsieur D'Arzac was in this apartment when I arrived this evening. Believe it or not, the pretext he made for leaving me here alone was that he was going to fetch champagne, but I saw him take from the closet that overcoat and hat which the concierge is holding. When he returned to the apartment, he was *carrying* that overcoat and hat. As he was making a pretence of entering the apartment for the first time this evening, seeing me for the first time—rehearsing, in fact, the story he has told to you—it seems strange to me that he didn't come in *wearing* the hat and coat, and take them off in the hall there. It would have looked more convincing—just as it would have looked more convincing if he had been *wearing* them when he entered the concierge's lodge." She looked at the woman. "*Was* he wearing them, madame?"

"Why, no," the woman said wonderingly. "He was carrying them."

"This apartment is a penthouse, I believe," Lois said. "Is there a fire-escape?"

"Of course," the concierge said. "It is the law."

"That's the way the man must have gone," Lois said.

The detective broke in harshly, "What man is this? What——"

"The man," Lois said, "that Monsieur D'Arzac came in this evening expecting to catch with his wife. He *didn't* catch him, but he was the cause of the quarrel in which Monsieur D'Arzac struck his wife and killed her. It wasn't until he was on his way downstairs, on the pretext of fetching champagne but really in order to present himself to the concierge as though he had just come from the street, that he realized he must have come within seconds of catching that other man—that what must have given him the chance to escape out on to the roof garden was the sound of his, Monsieur D'Arzac's, key in the lock."

"How can you possibly know this?" the detective demanded.

"I'm a codist," Lois said, "and this is like a code—just like a code: it's so because it can't be any other way! Monsieur D'Arzac went on with his plan against me because he had no alternative. He felt he could count on the other man, whatever he might read in the paper as having happened after his escape from this apartment, continuing to lie low and keep out of it. Monsieur D'Arzac knew there was a flaw in his plan, but he also knew that the only person to whom it might occur was *me*—and he evidently didn't think that very likely."

She drew a long breath.

"Do you think," she said evenly, "that Monsieur D'Arzac could be persuaded to put on the hat and coat which he said he was wearing this afternoon?"

The detective looked at her for a second, then took the hat and coat from the *concierge*, turned to D'Arzac.

"Put down that hat and coat you are holding, monsieur, and put these on."

D'Arzac seemed not to hear. His eyes, with a dark shine in them, were fixed upon Lois.

"*Put them on!*" the detective repeated, dangerously.

D'Arzac dropped the coat and hat he was holding. He took the coat and hat from the detective. He raised the hat to put it on. Then, with a movement of frantic speed and fury, he smashed his fist, with the hat in it, full into the detective's face, and came straight, lunging and murderous, for Lois. The gendarme sprang in. His white truncheon swung and struck . . .

Lois pressed her hands to her face. As from far off, she heard the jangle, the sudden, vicious snap of handcuffs. The momentary reeling of her senses passed. When she looked up, it was not at the stunned, manacled man on the carpet, or the gendarme kneeling beside him, or the detective dabbing blood from his lips. It was at the portrait over the mantelpiece that she looked—the portrait of the girl with blue-black hair flying back from a white face, poignant and fated. Gabrielle——

Lois looked at the portrait. The thought shaped in her mind, *What am I going to tell Joan Tracy when I write?*

She drew a long breath that shuddered a little, as though she had been crying; and she turned with a curious, small gesture, like an appeal, to the detective.

"I couldn't do anything else," she said, "could I? *Could* I? I didn't know whether the hat and coat he took out of the closet were too big or too small. I only knew he'd have worn them if he could, but he couldn't. They didn't fit. They belonged to his wife's lover."

END

No Strawberries And Cream

(*Continued from page* 28)

a movie shot, he thought when they crawled to the fringe of the clearing between the tall breadfruit trees. A Jap was in the cockpit of the aircraft, was grinning all over his face and waving to the others on the ground. What he was saying was lost in the roar of the motors. A heavy-paunched officer with heavily braided epaulettes was preparing to hoist himself into the 'plane when Dugan got up slowly and levelled his Thompson.

"You're not going anywhere, chum," he shouted, pumping bullets at the group. The Jap officer blinked and clutched his stomach. His gold-studded mouth was twisted into a horrible snarl as he staggered towards them before sagging to the ground. The others folded up and died gently, but the pilot managed to pull a revolver. The bullet whined past Dugan's ear. Then the Jap slumped in the cockpit with a lot of lead in his skull.

"This kite'll make a nice souvenir," remarked the Corporal.

"I'll have the General's tunic," said Dugan with a thoughtful smile. "There's a girl back in England who'll be glad to darn the holes."

AS the Hellcat dived madly a gush of hot oil hit Slim in the face. Although almost blinded he managed to pull out and grab some much-needed altitude. The oil line was sliced, but that wasn't all. His hydraulic gear had also taken a smack and it wasn't going to be fun landing on the deck with his wing flaps up. Still, the carrier wasn't more than a mile or two away and he might jockey her home, somehow. (*Continued on page* 64)

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"I hope so, dear! Then with a rub of 'Mansion' you'll soon make the place bright, clean and healthy."

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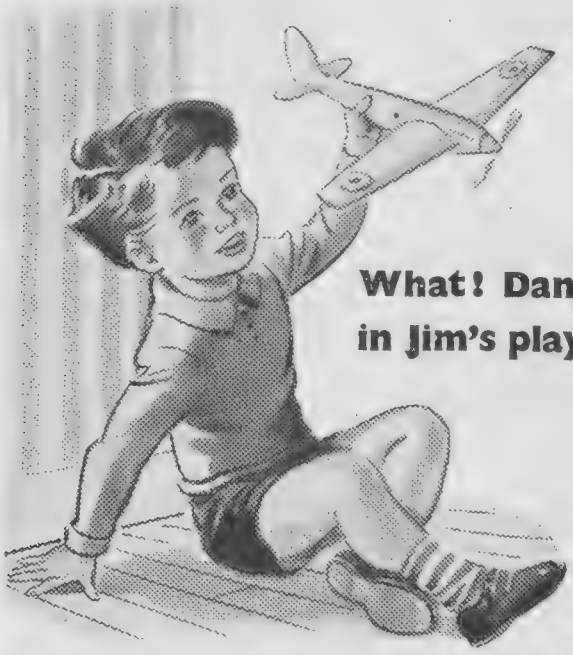

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He flicked on his lights. Hallelujah, they were working. He headed for the carrier with a smile on his face. Then a brisk voice cracked over his radio.

"Cut your lights. Enemy aircraft around. We've smashed a Nip carrier."

Slim's throat went dry. Over the side of his cockpit he could just make out three Zekes heading on his course. Funny how history repeats itself, he thought grimly. This same thing had happened to the old *Lexington* two years ago, almost to the day.

More Japs were coming up now. It didn't need much savvy to realize what they were after. With their own carrier gone they intended to use his 'plane as bait and crash-dive the American carrier. A lovely bit of *hara-kiri* at 300 m.p.h. Well, they'd make fish bait, instead, thought Slim. He banked abruptly and headed sharply away from the carrier. It wouldn't be long now, he decided, with all that oil draining away. But he'd take those Sons of Heaven with him. He closed his eyes as the nose of the Hellcat shot into the water . . .

The breath was torn out of his body and his ears began to pound furiously. Something was dragging at his legs. Then he was aware of a blinding light and voices swam to and fro around him. Then everything went except that dragging weight about his knees . . .

He opened his eyes and closed them again quickly. This was surely one peach of a hangover, he decided with a groan. After a while he raised himself on an elbow and found himself in a bunk that seemed to sway.

"You're all right, mate," said a gruff Cockney voice. "He's recovered, sir," said the same voice but with a different intonation.

Slim opened an eye gingerly and saw the three straight gold stripes of a Commander, R.N., on a sleeve above him. Then he took in a thin bony face that seemed familiar.

"Take it easy, old boy," cautioned a new voice. "You're aboard a British destroyer. We got a flash from your ship and picked you up." There was a pause, followed by a chuckle. "Well, I'm dashed if it isn't my strawberry-gorging friend!"

IT was some days before Slim was well enough to be moved back to his ship. He shook hands with the Englishman.

"Say, I'm sorry about those strawberries, sir," he said with a grin.

"Not at all," said the Commander. "If ever you're in my part of the world again just drop in and help yourself to all the strawberries you can find, although I can't guarantee any cream while the war's on."

As it happened, it was nearly a year before Slim found himself back in England. He had just blown into a Service Club in London when he heard a familiar voice holding forth at the bar. He could tell it was Dugan long before he saw those massive shoulders surrounded by attentive listeners.

"How's Mabel?" he asked politely.

Dugan gave him a suspicious look. "How should I know?"

Several pints later they were still fencing cautiously.

"Look, buddy," said Slim at last. "We've both got a few days' leave, and we're still both crazy about Mabel. What d'ya say that we go down there together and let her choose? That is, if she's still around . . ."

They arrived at "The Bull" just before nine o'clock. Dugan stopped abruptly. "I ought to tell you, Slim, that I'm holding all the aces." He tapped the brown paper parcel under his arm. "You know what's in there?"

Slim shook his head. "A weddin' dress," he cracked.

Dugan frowned solemnly. "No. It's the tunic of a Jap General that I settled in Tikima a long time ago." He put a hand on Slim's shoulder. "Maybe, I'll let you be my best man," he added consolingly.

The place seemed no different, except that Mabel wore more jewellery and had filled out somewhat. She greeted them with a shriek of delight and insisted on kissing them in turn. Joe Snowden, the landlord, looked daggers at her.

"All right, that'll do!" he snapped.

"Joe's the most jealous husband on earth," she whispered to Slim. "I daren't even look at a boy nowadays." She gave Dugan a sly wink. He handed her the parcel.

"It's for you, Mabel," he said softly. "Jap General's uniform—like you always wanted." It was only then that he noticed how Mabel's war museum had grown in the last couple of years.

They swayed a little as they wandered back to their lodgings in the town. A summer moon was beaming overhead.

"Women!" repeated Dugan for the third time.

"So what?" said Slim with a slow grin. "To-morrow we go to a house where they got strawberries. Place is owned by a swell guy I know." He sighed weightily. "But he can't guarantee the cream . . ."

END

Barry has boundless energy

He's a lively little fellow — brimming over with fun. It would be difficult to find a more healthy boy at his age. Mother is proud of him and has always kept a watchful eye on his health. She well knows that when needed, a dose of 'California Syrup of Figs' will soon correct stomach upsets and regulate the system.

It is the natural treatment for children —the laxative they like. 'California Syrup of Figs' keeps them regular, well and happy.

"California Syrup of Figs"

On Duty—and Off (*Continued from page* 33)

ON DUTY. The future of domestic service is wrapt in dark and gloomy mystery. All we know now is that the easiest and best-paid work available is domestic service in private houses or flats and that probably the hardest work is institutional domestic service. If you have applied to a Servants' Agency you will know that the rate of pay for a housemaid or parlourmaid is £2 a week upwards, and that a cook can demand any sum from £3 to £4 10s. a week, whereas the pay for a cook-general is from £2 10s. upwards. The age available is forty-three or older, and the work these women can do will be labelled "sedentary" when compared to the work of younger women subject to Labour Exchange direction.

To give you an example of this let me tell you the story of two of my own housemaids. The first was a girl who was our housemaid before the war. She had been trained by an expert and she was a first-class housemaid. She worked hard and her wages were a little over £1 a week in pre-war days. She left us during the war to join the Land Army and since she has been with the Land Army she has not only worked hard and studied under experts, but she has got her Proficiency Badge and so has become an expert in an entirely new profession. Her pay is 48s. a week. Out of this she has to pay for her board and lodging, her income tax and her unemployment insurance. At her lodgings she has no bath, a tiny bedroom, and no means of doing her personal washing. But fortunately she spends each weekend with me, where she can get a bath and washing amenities. Financially the net result for her is less spending money than she had with me at £1 a week, harder work and longer hours. But she can count against this an entirely new profession which, presumably, she can take up after her release from the Land Army.

Since she has left me, any housemaid who has taken her place gets £2 a week, clear of income tax, and 9d. only deducted towards health insurance. She has four meals a day as well as a large bedroom. Moreover, I can do the work of my war housemaid with the greatest of ease, although I am not trained for housework. I can make the beds, Hoover the floors, empty the slops, clean the baths, dust the furniture, wash up and answer the door bell. Moreover, I actually enjoy polishing my own furniture, and looking after my own belongings. Unfortunately, I happen to be a nurse, trained for many years in the responsible business of looking after sick children.

I would dearly love to change work with my own housemaid, but the fact remains that although I can do her work with the greatest of ease, I know very well that she would not be able to do mine. When you consider the matter dispassionately, it is irritating to realize that, even with the Rushcliffe reforms, the trained nurse can still demand less pay than the woman who gets her work through the Servants' Agencies.

END

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Upside Down In Japan

(*Continued from page 20*)

could hazard a pretty keen guess. But its absence made not the least difference to my subsequent ease; at every wayside cottage in every hamlet en route for the northern island the ordinary necessities of modern life were at my disposal: kimono, sandals, brand new toothbrush, even a razor. This is all part of the everyday service for guests away from the cities. Which is the point, I suppose, where the explorer discovers the upside-down method of life in Japan, the land where, if you do things the wrong way round you are certain to be right. It is the one country in the world where most normal actions are performed backwards.

City cyclists mount their steeds not from the left but the right; out among the hamlets the donkey or pony rider does exactly the same. A householder, or the apartment tenant, must turn the key of his front door inwards, not outwards; if he is accompanied by a lady she enters last, not first. And the best rooms are always at the back of the building, never at the front.

But out in the "uncivilized" hamlets, away from city influence, the peasants demand no pretentious refinements; social life is reduced to its simplest terms, and the inhibitions which shackle the rest of the country just do not exist. Laxity between the sexes is unfettered, because the natural choice of partner is of supreme importance.

Typical of them all, in the first hamlet the vagrant seafarer was invited to spend the night in the communal "sleeping-house," a building consisting of three large rooms; the first is a general apartment, occupied each evening by boys and girls from fifteen to seventeen years. The boys weave rope and the girls sew to a background of music and song; then, at bedtime, girls go to one room to sleep, boys to the other. To the visitor is left the honourable duty of rising early and, with a heavy mallet, striking an enormous log "pillow" in the girls' room so that the sleepers all awaken as one.

His duty done, the guest is free to go his way unhindered along the rabbit tracks, the footpaths, past rocky hills and winding brooks to the next hamlet. And there, once again, he *might* secure accommodation in one of the thatched-roofed dwelling-places which have given shelter to numerous generations or, if congestion is normal, again he is given a welcome, food, shelter and a bed in the communal sleeping-house, where the whole intimate process takes place once more, and he works his passage with the mallet!

THE eternal bowl of greenish tea, sipped squatting on a rush mat, precedes every meal; it is served by a little maid who kneels demurely as she hands the guest course by course. Her smile is a permanent feature, though her wages would barely keep one in cheap cigarettes. In these dwelling-houses of the peasants bedtime signals the solemn rite of simple prayers chanted by host, family, visitor and servants, all standing stiffly to attention; the only occasions when everybody but the guest kneels is when meals are served, or he is wished top-o'-the-day, or its equivalent in the dialect. And when one enters the guest chamber there is a miniature mountain of mattresses piled atop of each other in a resplendent, though formidable hillock of flock which takes a spot of practice in the art of climb and balance.

Break of day is ushered in by a little maid who glides pleasantly into the sleeping chamber, bows low to the floor, repeats the customary "Good morning" three times and, in a tinkle-bell voice, inquires whether the guest wishes a bath. It is taken for granted; she produces a special kimono and conducts the guest to the bathroom—a steaming hot affair which, irrespective of age and sex, *is taken with the entire household.* It is just another ancient custom—where soap is strictly taboo!

And so, in this land of custom, tradition, song and smiles, despite almost incredible poverty to civilized standards, from the moment one is conducted to the queerly-shaped sleeping chamber until, once again, the shoes are put on and one is smilingly bowed out of the house by perhaps three generations, the visitor to *real* Japan exists in a bizarre half dream, half nightmare. And out there, between two hamlets, on a foot-track to the south of Hakodate, an ancient itinerant priest, who carried his worldly goods wrapped in a gay-coloured kerchief, bowed low in greeting and said: "There comes dawn in the history of every nation when its further progress and advancement is weighed in the balance."

That "dawn" was at hand; Pearl Harbour was just around the corner. . . .

I returned to the cities, but not before I had witnessed another age-old peasant custom, the annual Festival of Chrysanthemum when, in September, the hamlet folk wrap cotton wool around the lovely blossoms and, at dawn, bathe their naked bodies with the wrappings, still wet with perfumed dew, as a precaution against ill-health and ill-fortune in the coming winter months. And then they smile the smile of Japanese tradition, their acknowledgment that "No man has the right to cause his neighbour one moment of mental or bodily discomfort."

DESPITE the lofty theory, the pretty tableau presented by Tokyo propagandists that, in the present struggle the Japanese soldier, sailor and airman regards himself as being engaged in a family vendetta which is combined with all the mystic rites of a holy war; despite the suicide flyers who go to their doom by committing *jibaku* on the wings of the *Kamikaze*, this so-called "Divine Wind of Victory," Japan's war- and money-barons and their confederates, the political adventurers, are now paying the price of extreme discomfort and subsequent defeat, for which the peasant of the remote hamlets knows no such traditional smile!

Ironically enough, America played an important part in development of postal services, telephones, agriculture and education in modern Japan; German and French experts trained her soldiers and taught her much in the way of scientific achievement, Britons helped build her railways and gave a great deal of misplaced guidance to her navy. But only the Japanese war-lords themselves were capable of devising the fiendish "art" of sowing the seeds of Far Eastern conquest from those little cotton bags issued to every Nipponese fighting man, who were required under pain of death to plant the poppy seed wherever the flag of the Mikado was hoisted.

Thus, the Japanese war-lords excelled themselves by committing the most appalling crime against humanity; the crops were gathered from "conquered" territory and sent back to Chari, Dairen and Tientsin where chemists ground into powder this hell-dust that has since flooded the Far Eastern war zones.

The giant Super Forts have complete mastery in the skies over Dai Nippon; once again the world of this scattered empire will rise and shake itself, as it did at Yokohama in 1923. As the atomic bomb, terrifying in its vast power of destruction, falls from the skies, roadways heave, and fall from sight; buildings tremble and disappear, craters yawn as the heavies roar overhead. And these power-politicians, these money- and war-barons in this land of the *Setting* Sun, will know before many weeks have passed that at last they have succeeded in turning their upside-down empire inside out.

But the peasants of those numberless little hamlets that make up the island empire, where natural resources are shared for the common good; where generations have remained faithful to the unwritten creed of their ancestors, where tradition has made it a high honour *not to die* as a fake hero, *but to live* to participate in the common tasks of humanity, these peasants believe that the war-lords of Tokyo and Nagasaki are taking their last ride on the Japanese Bull.

END

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Bow-Tie Cardigan

(*Continued from page* 36)

armhole measures 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 9 needles, cast on 55 sts. Work 1 in. moss st. Change to main patt. and work until 4 ins. from the cast-on edge. Change to No. 12 needles, work 1 in. Change to No. 9 needles and continue in patt., inc. 1 st. at the next and every 6th armhole end rows until 61 sts. Work without further shaping until armhole measures 13 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES (wrong side of work facing)

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next row then dec. 1 st. on the next and every following armhole end row until 49 sts. remain. Work for 4½ ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next neck edge row. Work for 2½ ins., at the same time dec. 1 st. every row at the neck edge until 29 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows, work back to armhole, cast off 5 sts.

LEFT FRONT

Work as for the right, with shaping at the opposite side.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles cast on 65 sts. Work 1 in. moss st. Change to No. 9 needles and main patt. Work 2 ins., then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until 91 sts. Continue without further shaping until sleeve measures 18 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 41 sts., then 2 at the beg. of every row until 31 sts. Cast off.

FRONT STRIPS

With No. 12 needles, cast on 11 sts. Work in moss st. for 4 rows.

MAKE BUTTONHOLE

Work 3 sts., cast off 5 sts., work 3 sts.

Next row.—Work 3 sts., cast on 5 sts., work 3 sts.

Continue until 19 ins. from the cast-on edge, making 8 more buttonholes 2 ins. apart. Work 2 rows after last buttonhole. Cast off.

Work another strip, omitting buttonholes.

NECK STRIP

With No. 12 needles, cast on 7 sts. Work 20 ins. moss st. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up shoulder side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on the front edges. Sew on the neck strip. Press all seams. Sew on buttons.

END

Woollen Step-Ins

(*Continued from page* 36)

5th row.—K. **6th row.**—K. 2, m. 1, k. 3, m. 1, k. 2 (9 sts.).

7th row.—K. **8th row.**—Cast off 5 sts., k. to end.

Rep. these 8 rows until strip measures 36 ins.

Work 2 strips of 28 ins. for leg edgings.

TO MAKE UP

Press the back and front with a warm iron and damp cloth on the wrong side of work. Sew up side seams. Sew edgings to top and lower edges of legs. Press seams and edgings. Sew on buttons and ribbon for straps.

END

Books

(*Continued from page* 41)

cocktail bar of "Grand" or "Berlin Hotel" . . . As variations on an epic theme, it is terrific!

If you liked Mr. Evelyn Waugh's modern Oxford in "Brideshead Revisited," try Mr. D.

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L. Murray's eighteenth-century 'Varsity in "Folly Bridge" (Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d.), the story of a poor undergraduate, Christopher Dasant, who tries to live like the lordlings, gets mixed up with alchemy, necromancy, and a vamp with "enormous greenish eyes," turns highwayman and decoy for a gipsy gang, and all but finishes up on the scaffold. It is an Oxford of brawling pot houses as well as dreaming spires; how true to fact Mr. Murray should know, for he seems to have done a lot of research to get his melodramatic colouring. Tame, by comparison, seems an Oxford which lapses from virtues only when Excelsior youth climbs a spire to display there a bedroom ornament of the pre-h.-and-c. days and to be saluted by cronies as a dashing knight-errant!

PILOT OFFICER RAYMOND MASTERS, V.C., lies in hospital blind, dumb, paralysed, thinking: "*The world did not change.* Men could die and suffer. Their handiwork, the treasure of centuries, could be shattered to pieces by the perverted ingenuity of a later age; civilizations could rock, peoples go into slavery, political systems collapse, but still there was no basic change." He recalls the story of his father, who returned from the previous war to find no home, no work, no hope. Such betrayal, he feels, must not happen again; that is his message in Mr. George Sava's "Land Fit for Heroes" (Faber, 8s. 6d.), an earnest, highly psychologized novel which reflects a mood of our time and has, for relief, the charming love story of Raymond's mother and a young farmer.

A WAR-SHATTERED pilot—this time a New Zealand ace, "Riki" Mason—marries his hospital nurse in Miss Dorothy Quentin's "Sparkling Waters" (Ward, Lock, 8s. 6d.); then, in Auckland, he meets again his old love, a woman resolute as she is attractive, who determines to win him back, exploiting his passion for flying, even though it leads to tragedy. This is a novel of character and emotional conflict in which the wife finds compensation for the "other woman" in the "other man"—Riki's staunch farmer brother. Her loss is also her gain.

IN the 1850's, before the Civil War, there was a Negro underground movement which smuggled slaves from the southern states over the border into Canada. Miss Constance Robertson's "Fire Bell in the Night" (Bles, 8s. 6d.) is the story of the lovely Mahala North who, with her father, a Syracuse tavernkeeper, ran a "station" on the secret route, helping fugitives to escape. Ever since "Uncle Tom's Cabin" we have had a soft spot for stories of coloured slavery; this one has perils and adventures enough to thrill us with drama while touching our deepest sympathies, and is well written.

A Nazi plot to kidnap the King from Buckingham Palace is the sensational climax of Miss B. Montagu Scott's "China Egg" (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.). Playing a dramatic part in this great "U-Plan" intrigue is an Austrian, Franz Heidl, who becomes a spy in Munich at the time of the Nazi climb to power, develops his secret-service work in Berlin, then comes to London, where he is naturalized and marries. Here is staccato melodrama of the Dennis Wheatley kind, punched out at a pace too fast and furious for fastidious writing. Her villains are of the type that prompts her to write: ". . . all the inbred roots of sadistic cruelty and despair rose to full, foul flowering." No half-and-half about Miss Scott; she gives full, fair measure.

Books

HERE is a list of other books which will repay the attention of readers:—

"The Stern Daughter," by Juliet Rhys Williams (Rich & Cowan, 8s. 6d.). A novel which gives some interesting details of an Army Sister's life in this war.

"Lords of Creation," by E. W. Savi (Hurst & Blackett, 8s. 6d.). A new Anglo-Indian romance.

"Prefabricated Homes," by Bernard H. Cox, F.S.I.L.R.P.B.A. (Paul Elek Ltd., 2s.). Of interest to all those looking for a home.

"Front-Line Airline," by E. Bennett-Bremner (Paul Elek Ltd., 5s.). A tribute to the war service of Qantas Empire Airways.

"Mother Hubbard," by W. E. Richards (John Gifford Ltd., 8s. 6d.). The story of a miner's wife and the fight she put up for her five sons.

"Cycling in the Lake District," by John Crowe (Skeffington, 7s. 6d.). An interesting guide for cyclists to England's Lakeland.

"Heirs of Merlin," by Philip Atkey (Cassell & Co., 7s. 6d.). A thrilling epic of the underworld and of the evils of black magic.

"Prelude to David," by Elisabeth Margetson (Ward Lock & Co., 8s. 6d.). A war romance.

"Edouard Benes," by Philip Paneth (Alliance Press, 8s. 6d.). A vivid picture of the character and achievements of that great leader of democratic thought.

"Rebuilding Family Life in the Post-War World." Edited by Sir James Marchant (Odhams Press, 2s.). An inquiry with recommendations on the greatest problem which our race and nation have to solve if they are to survive and endure.

END

Clippers of the Clouds (*Continued from page 25*)

Pan-Americans, the world's biggest airline operators, on the transatlantic run after the war.

It can fly nonstop from New York to London. Top speed can touch 400 m.p.h.—a terrific speed even for a single-seat fighter. Direct operating cost will be one cent (a halfpenny) per passenger mile, or five cents per cargo ton-mile if used entirely as a freighter. As a high-speed low-fare shorter-range dayplane, it can carry 100 passengers in comfort. As a luxury sleeperplane, it can take 40 passengers. As a freighter, it accommodates 15 tons of cargo, with a drive-up ramp and special internal cargo-handling equipment. Engines with the power of 14,000 horses will sweep it majestically through the skies—a driving-force more than twice that of the biggest locomotive in existence. It has two decks, men's and women's dressing-rooms—and a 14-seat cocktail lounge downstairs.

Pan-Americans have also ordered a fleet of fifteen six-motor Consolidated 37's. This machine will have an all-up weight of over 100 tons. The power plant will be of 21,000 h.p., and a novel feature will probably be pusher airscrews behind the wing. The wing span is to be 230 ft., and the height 51 ft., equal to that of a tall city building or a country church tower.

It is claimed that this machine, carrying a light payload of urgent, high-freight-rated goods, will possess the almost fantastic range of over 8,000 miles nonstop. With more than 20 tons aboard, it will be able to fly from New York to London. This can be compared with the 10-ton bomb with which one or two types of the world's biggest bombers can stagger only a very short journey.

Smaller, but big enough to take most existing aircraft under its wing, is the Constellation, in which American business men are promised a nine-hour run from New York to London or Paris. Once more, this is not a designer's dream, but an aircraft now in hard daily use at comparative speeds serving several war fronts.

This is another Howard Hughes conception, before he turned on to the task of designing the HK.1. On a short haul as a dayplane, it can carry 100 people. It can carry a payload of over 14 tons at a top speed of more than 300 m.p.h. With a luxury interior, 57 passengers can be accommodated for longer routes.

Already almost hoary in the service of its country is one more American monster, developments of which will certainly be seen on the transatlantic run within a year. This is the Martin Mars, with the capacity of a 16-roomed house, special cargo-handling gear built in, and an impressive record as a freighter serving MacArthur's Pacific forces.

WHAT is Britain doing in the race to construct giant clippers of the clouds?

Ahead of any other home constructor is the Bristol concern, famous for Beaufighters, Beauforts and the motors that pull our big bombers. If Mr. C. F. Unwins, Bristol's chief test pilot, would "talk," not only we but foreign competitors might open surprised eyes very wide indeed.

One of the new Brabazons—that one affectionately known as the "Bristol Beauty"—is what the Air Minister has called "a most outstanding novelty." I live very near to the Bristol works, and I would say that it is undoubtedly the best all-round very big aircraft building in the world today, despite all the Jonahs who bewail Britain's future in the air.

To begin with, it is a 110-tonner, with a wing span of 230 ft., a length of 170 ft., and a height of 47 ft. Three pairs of main undercarriage wheels, one pair under each wing and one pair under the centre of the fuselage, help to distribute the enormous weight. Track width of the outer wheels will exceed the wing span of present bombers. The tail span is as big as the wing span of the biggest pre-war British bomber.

Range is about 3,800 miles, and cruising speed over 300 m.p.h. One hundred passengers can be carried by day, or 50 if the machine is used as a luxury night liner. Four pairs of contra-rotating propellers will probably be used—another new departure.

In all, Britain is building six Brabazon types, and some 45-ton Tudors. Already we have some 30-ton Yorks actually flying the passenger routes; these are high-performance small-capacity machines (compared with the 100-tonners), but they are doing an invaluable job teaching air and ground staffs the technique of airline service under present-day conditions. King of them all is the Duke of Gloucester's "Endeavour," with the Royal suite at its tail, a stateroom with eight deep red-and-silver armchairs next it, each chair with its own walnut table, a hall, an all-electric pantry kitchen, a stateroom for the royal retinue, and the crew's quarters. A truly lovely machine, not a liner but a royal yacht of the air, yet showing something of the luxury that airliners will attain within the next two years.

Another British 100-tonner is the Saunders-Roe flying-boat that will pass like a silver streak down the southern skies towards India and Australia. "Two days to Australia" is what British Overseas Airways have promised us, and this boat will do it easily in the time. Again, the power plant will develop over 20,000 h.p.; again, 100 passengers could be carried on a shorter haul, or over 50 on very long hops.

British airlines have already advertised "5½ hours to Moscow, 10 hours across the Atlantic." British aircraft and pilots can do it. For a year—perhaps two—we shall be behind the U.S.A. in developing air possibilities. After that, with Empire resources working together, British and Empire designers, pilots and aircrews will once again take pre-eminence in the air in peace as they have done in war.

END

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